

CLASS WAR

FOR UNITY AND REBELLION

20 Years of Rebellion !

the tactics and ideas of a street level movement

The
Battle Cry
of the
Underdog





The Time Is Right for Organization and Unity.

There is great power in unity and we are going to unite all the angry, pissed off people together into a single lethal weapon and direct all the hate and energy at our real enemies - the rich, and all those who imprison, harrass and exploit us.

FUCK AUTHORITY !

We will be the wildest, most organised street force this country has ever seen. We will back each other up all the way - when one of us needs help, we will all be there.

We won't be caught up in the stupid games that keep us divided . . .

no more fighting each other . . . no more dogging on each other . . .

We are the pitbulls of societies underclass . . . what could they do if we fought together ? . . .

What could they do if we attacked them and not each other ?

Nothing !!! Everything would be ours for the taking.

**If you don't want to fight them alone anymore,
join the organised threat . . . join the Class Warriors.**

www.classwarforreal.com



This is Class War !

The only organisation that celebrates rebellion and defiance wherever it occurs.

Every punch,kick or spit.

Every petrol bomb,bullet and brick in the face of authority is an expression of the class war that is being waged everywhere.

We want unity and rebellion - the double bar-
relled assault we need to organise ourselves,
control our own territory, and then deal with the
traitors who would have us divided and on our
knees.

When
you look around, you can see who the traitars
are. Cops, security guards, judges, prison guards
and informants are the obvious ones.

But there is another layer of scum that weaken
our greatest strength; unity - the sheriffs that

evict us, the ticket inspectors who fine us, people
who rob their own, and the dobbers that stab us
in the back. Together, they are the rich man's
unofficial army.

They are those who do what they can to break
our spirit.

The people that do this are protecting the very
wealthy who own all the T.V. and radio stations,
the newspapers and businesses that
try to influence everything we do, to keep us at
each others throats, and not theirs.

These people are our enemy.

Every act of rebellion against these scum is
encouragement to us and we will draw strength
from it.

If you are sticking your fingers up at the enemy in
whatever way you do, then you are already Class
War.

This is the organisation that says "Fuck You"!
loud and proud.

We are the ones who care and love the under-
dogs, but hate the traitors who try to keep us
down.

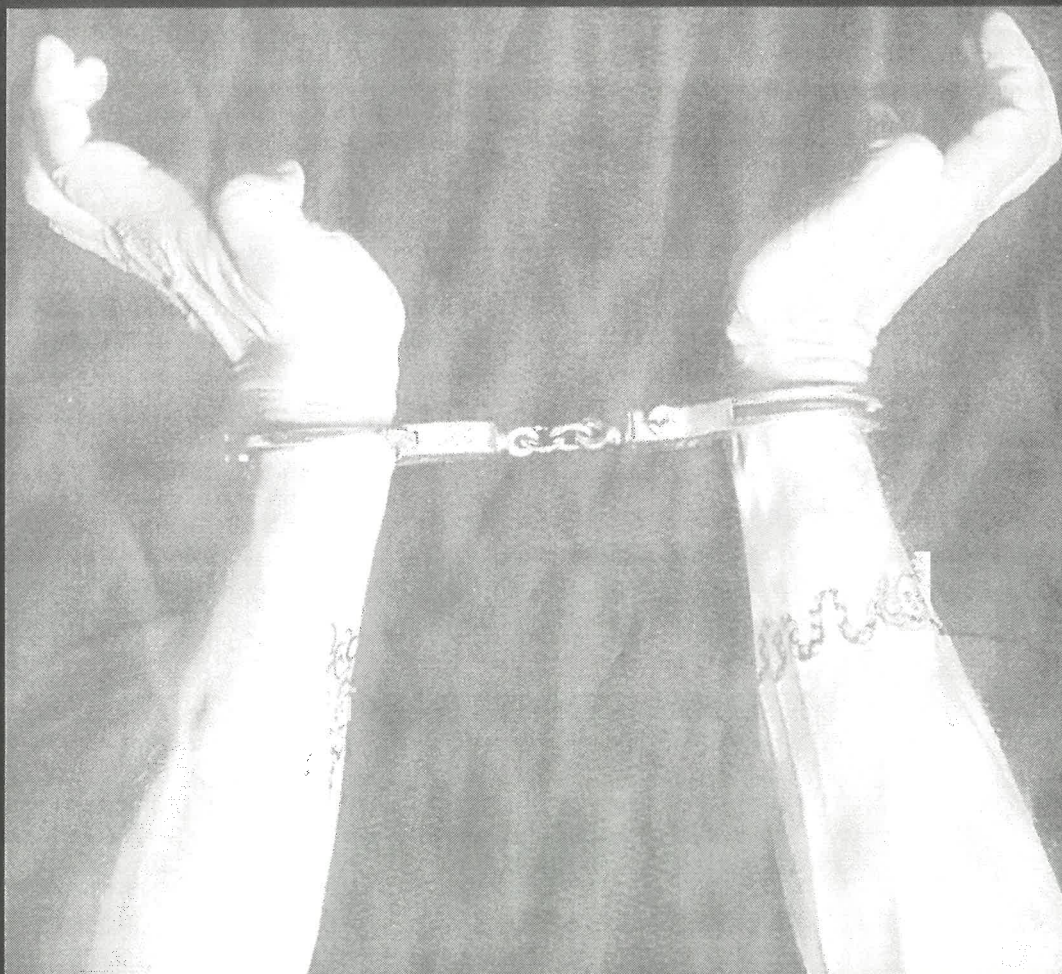
This is Class War, and the war is on!

Against Authority



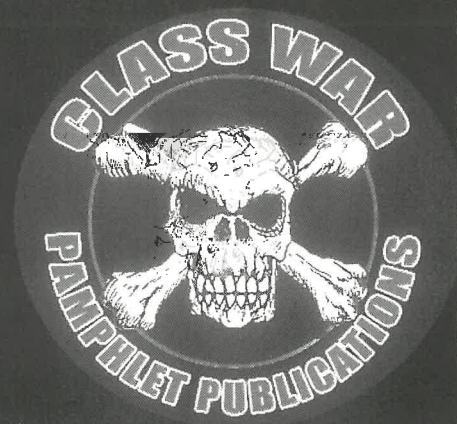
**"He held me in the name of the law...
so I struck him
in the name of liberty !"**

NO COMMENT !



What to do and say if you get arrested

A step by step guide to
avoiding being charged
by the cops



NO COMMENT !

GETTING ARRESTED IS NO JOKE.

It's a serious business. All convictions add up; eg. if you're done 3 times for shoplifting, you stand a good chance of being sent to prison.

If there's a chance of you getting arrested, get your act together; know what to do if you're arrested.

Unless you enjoy cells, courtrooms and prisons, you owe it to yourself to wise up.

IF YOU HAVE BEEN ARRESTED....

You have to give the police your name and address.

You will also be asked for your date of birth - you do't have to give it , but it may delay your release as it used to run a check on the police national computer.

They also have the right to take your fingerprints, photo and non-intimate body samples (saliva swab to record your DNA).

These will be kept on file even if you are not charged.

The police cannot force you to speak or make a statement, whatever they may say to you in the station.

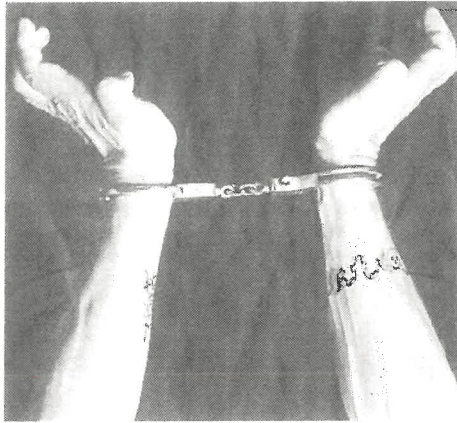
Refusing to speak cannot be used to convict you by itself.

The best thing you can do to get off is to remain silent.

The best place to work out a good defence is afterwards with your solicitor or witnesses, not under pressure in the hands of the cops.

If your refusal to speak comes up in court, we think the best defence is to refuse to speak until your solicitor gets there then get them to agree to your position. You can then say you acted on legal advice.

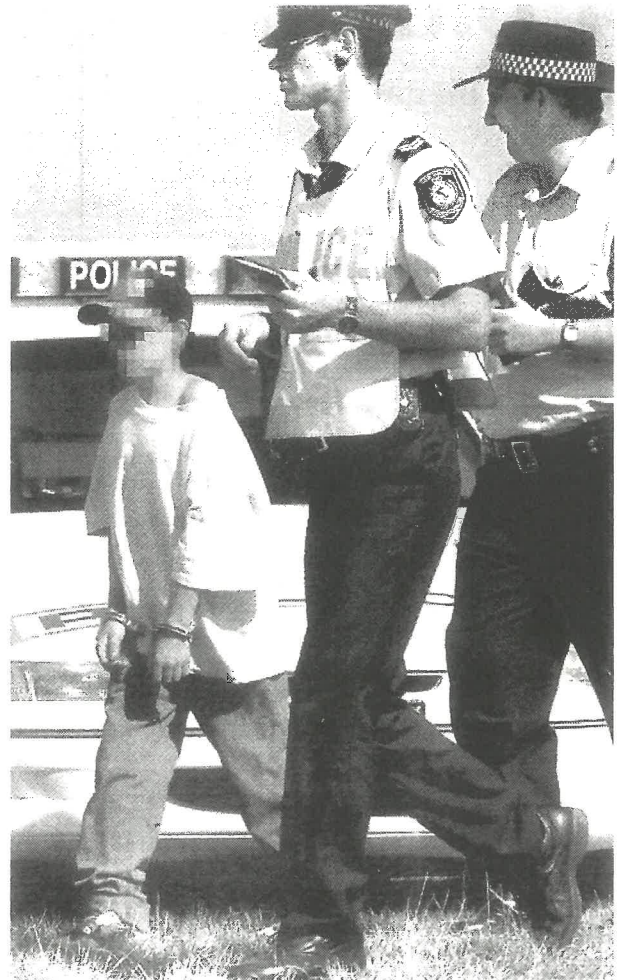
If you are arrested under the new Terrorism Laws, the police can keep you in custody longer. They have already used this against protestors and others to intimidate them.



REMEMBER- being arrested is not the same as being charged, ***KEEPING SILENT IS STILL THE BEST THING TO DO IN POLICE CUSTODY.*** REMEMBER - ALL CHARGES ADD UP.

Q. WHAT HAPPENS WHEN I GET ARRESTED?

When you are arrested, you will usually be handcuffed, put in a van and taken to a police station. You will be asked your name, address and date of birth. You should be told the reason for your arrest-remember what is said, it may be useful later. Your personal belongings will be taken from you. These are listed on the custody record and usually you will be asked to sign to say that the list is correct. You do not have to sign, but if you do you should sign immediately below the last line, so that the cops can't add something incriminating to the list.



You should also refuse to sign for something

You should also refuse to sign for something which isn't yours, or which could be incriminating. You will also be asked if you want a copy of the police and criminal evidence act codes of practice, and to sign to say you have refused. We suggest you take a copy - it's the only thing you'll get to read and you might as well read up on the rules the cops are supposed to follow. Your fingerprints, photo and saliva swab will be taken, then you will be placed in a cell until the police are ready to deal with you.

DO NOT PANIC...



Q. WHAT IF I AM UNDER 18?

There has to be an 'appropriate adult' present for the interview. The cops will always want this to be your mum or dad. But you might to give the name of an older brother or sister or other relative or adult friend (though the cops may not accept a friend). If you don't have anyone, they will get a social worker - this might cause you more problems afterwards.

Q. WHEN CAN I CONTACT A SOLICITOR?

You should be able to ring a solicitor as soon as you're arrested. Once at the police station it is one of the first things you should do, for 2 reasons;

1. To have someone know where you are.
2. To show the cops YOU are not going to be a soft target - they may back off a bit.

It is advisable to avoid using the duty solicitor as they may be crap or hand in glove with the cops. It's worth finding the number of a good solicitor in your area and memorising it. The police are wary of decent solicitors. Any good solicitor will provide free advice at the police station.

Also, avoid telling your solicitor much about what happened. This can be sorted out later. For the time being, tell them you are refusing to speak. Your solicitor can come into the police station while the police interview you.

You should refuse to be interviewed unless your solicitor is present.

Q. WHAT IS AN INTERVIEW?

An interview is the police questioning you about the offences they want to charge you with. The interview will take place in an interview room in

the police station and should be taped.

AN INTERVIEW IS ONLY OF BENEFIT TO THE POLICE.

Remember they want to prosecute you for whatever charge they can stick on you.

AN INTERVIEW IS A NO WIN SITUATION.

For your benefit, the only thing to be said in an interview is **NO COMMENT**.

REMEMBER: THEY CAN'T LEGALLY FORCE YOU TO SPEAK.

Beware of attempts to interview you in the cop van or cell, etc. as all interviews are nowadays recorded. The cops may try to pretend you confessed before the taped interview.

Again, say **"NO COMMENT"**.

Q. WHY DO THE POLICE WANT ME TO ANSWER QUESTIONS?

If the police think they have enough evidence against you, they will not need to interview you. For example, in most public order arrests they rely on witness statements from 1 or 2 cops or by-standers, and you won't even be interviewed. Also if they have arrested you and other people, they will try to get you to implicate the others. The police want to convict as many people as possible because;

1. It makes it look like they're doing a good job at solving crime. The clear up rate is very important to the cops; they have to be seen to be doing their job. The more crimes they get convictions for, the better it looks for them.

2. Police officers want promotion, to climb up the ladder of hierarchy. Coppers get promotion through the number of crimes they 'solve'. No coppers want to be on the street all their life. A solved crime is a conviction against somebody. Fitting people up to boost the 'clear up rate', and at the same time removing people cops don't like, is wide spread in all police forces.

Q. So if the police want to interview me, it shows I could be in a strong position?

YES - they may not have enough evidence, and hope you'll implicate yourself or other people.

Q. AND THE WAY TO STAY IN THAT POSITION IS TO REFUSE TO BE DRAWN INTO A CONVERSATION

AND ANSWER "NO COMMENT" TO ANY QUESTIONS?

Exactly.

nazi thinkin?...bribe takin?...
law breakin?...
jury stackin?...gun totin?...
youth harassin?...
trigger pullin?...
power crazy...



A.C.A.B. **All Cops Are Bastards**

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Exactly.

Q. BUT WHAT IF THE EVIDENCE LOOKS LIKE THEY HAVE GOT SOMETHING ON ME? WOULDN'T IT BE BEST TO EXPLAIN AWAY THE CIRCUMSTANCES I WAS ARRESTED IN, SO THEY'LL LET ME GO?

The only evidence that matters is the evidence presented in court to the Magistrate or jury. The only place to explain everything is in court; if they've decided to keep you in, no amount of explaining will get you out. If the police have enough evidence anything you say can only add to this evidence against you.

When the cops interview someone, they do all they can to confuse and intimidate you. The questions may not be related to the crime. Their aim is to soften you up, get you chatting. Don't answer a few small talk questions then clam up when they ask you a question about the crime. It looks worse in court.

To prosecute you, the police must present their evidence to the crown prosecution service. A copy of the evidence is sent to the solicitor. The evidence usually rests on very small points; this is why it's important not to give anything away in custody. They may say your refusal to speak will

be used against you in court, but the best place to work out what you want to say is later with your solicitor. If they don't have enough evidence the case will be thrown out or never even get to court. This is why they want you to speak. They need all the evidence they can get. One word could cost you a lot of trouble.

Q. SO I'VE KEPT MY MOUTH SHUT. WHAT TRICKS CAN I EXPECT THE POLICE TO PULL IN ORDER TO MAKE ME TALK?

The police try to get people to talk in many devious ways. The following shows some pretty common examples, but remember they may try some other line on you.

These are the things that often catch people out. **DON'T GET CAUGHT OUT.**

1. *"Come on now, we know it's you, your mate in the next cell told us the whole story."*

If they've got the story, why do they need your confession?

Playing co-accused off against each other is a common trick as you've no way of checking what other people are saying. If you are up to something dodgy with other people, work out a story and stick to it. Don't believe it if they say your co-accused has confessed.

2. *"We know it's not you, but we know you know who's done it. Come on mate, don't be silly, tell us who did it."*

The cops will use your first name and try and seem as though they're your friends. If you are young they will act in a fatherly/motherly way, etc.

3. *"As soon as we find out what happened you can go"*

NO CHANCE !!!

4. *"Look you little bastard, don't fuck us about. We've dealt with some characters; a little runt like you is nothing to us. We know you did it you little shit and you're going to tell us".*

They're trying to get at you.

5. *"What's a nice kid like you doing messed up in a thing like this".*

They're still trying to get at you.

6. *"We'll keep you in til you tell us".*

They have to put you before the magistrate or release you within 36 hours. (Or 7 days if you are arrested under the Terrorism act.)

Only a magistrate can order you to be held without charge for any longer.

7. *"There is no right to silence anymore. If you don't answer questions the judge will know you're guilty."*

Refusing to speak cannot be used to convict you

by itself. If they had enough evidence they wouldn't be interviewing you.

8. *"You'll be charged with something far more serious if you don't start answering our questions. You're not going to see the light of day for a long time. Start answering our questions 'cos we're getting sick of you."*

Mental intimidation. They're unlikely to charge you with a serious charge that won't stick in court.

DON'T PANIC.

9. *"You've been arrested under the Terrorism Act, so you've got no rights."*

More mental intimidation and all the more reason to say..."

NO COMMENT!

10. *"My brother is a bit of a rebel..."*

NO COMMENT

11. *If someones granny gets mugged tonight it'll be your fault. Stop wasting our time by not talking."*

They're trying to make you feel guilty. Don't fall for it, you didn't ask to be arrested.

12. *MR. NICE; "Hi, what's this all about then? Sergeant Smith says you're in a bit of trouble. He's a bit angry with you. You tell me what happened and Smith won't bother you. He's not the best of our officers, he loses his temper every now and again. So what happened?"*

Mr Nice is as devious as Mr Nasty is. He or she will offer you a cuppa, cigarettes, a blanket. It's the softly softly approach. It is bullshit....

"NO COMMENT"

13. *"We've been here for half an hour now and you've not said a word..... Look you little cunt, some of the detectives will be down in a minute. They'll have you talking in no time. Talk now or I'll bring them down."*

Keep at it, they're getting desperate. They're about to give up. You have a lot to lose by speaking.

14. *"Your girlfriend's outside. Do you want us to arrest her? We'll soon have her gear off for a strip search. I bet she'll tell us. You're making all this happen by being such a prick. Now talk."*

They pick on your weak spots - family, friends, etc. Cops do sometimes victimise prisoners families, but mostly they are bluffing.

15. *"You're a fuckin' looney, you! Who'd want you for a mother, you daft bitch? Start talking or your kids are going into care"*

Give your solicitor details of a friend or relative who can look after your kids. The cops don't have the power to take them into care.

16. *Look, we've tried to contact your solicitor, but we can't get hold of them. It's going to drag on for ages this way. Why don't we get this over with so you can go home."*

Never accept an interview without your solicitor present, a bit more time now saves years later! Don't make a statement even if your solicitor advises you to - a good solicitor won't advise you to do an interview.

17. *"You're obviously no dummy. I'll tell you what we'll do a deal. You admit to one of the charges, and we'll drop the other two. We'll recommend to the judge that you get a non-custodial sentence, because you've co-operated. How does that sound?"*

They're trying to get you to do a deal. There are no deals to be made with the police. Much as they'd like to, the police don't control the sentences you get.

18. *"We've been round to the address you gave us and the people there say they don't know you. We've checked on the Social Security computer and there's no record of you there. Now come on, tell us who you are. Tell us who you are or you've had it."*

If you're planning on giving an address, make sure everyone there knows the name you are using and that they are reliable. The cops usually check that you live somewhere by going round.

19. *"Wasting police time is a serious offence"*

You can't be charged for wasting police time for not answering questions. The cops may rough you up, or use violence to get a confession (true or false) out of you. There are many examples of people being fitted up and physically assaulted until they admitted to things they hadn't done. It's your decision to speak rather than face serious injury. Just remember, what you say could get you and others sent down for a very long time. However, don't rely on retracting a confession in court - it's hard to back down once you've said something.

In the police station the cops rely on people's naivety. If you are aware of the tricks they play, the chances are they'll give up on you.

In these examples we have tried to show how they'll needle you into speaking. That's why you have to know what to do when you're arrested.

In these examples we have tried to show how they'll needle you into speaking. That's why you have to know what to do when you're arrested. The hassle in the cop station can be bad, but if you are on the ball, you can get off. You have to be prepared.....

WE HAVE HAD A LOT OF EXPERIENCE AGAINST THE POLICE, AND WE SIMPLY SAY;

1. Keep calm and cool when arrested.. (remember you are playing with the experts now, on their home ground)
 2. Don't get drawn into conversations with the police at any time.
 3. Get a solicitor.
 4. Never make a statement.
 5. If they rough you up, see a doctor immediately after being released. Get a written report of all bruising and marking. Take photos of all injuries. Remember the cop's name and number if possible.
- Having said nothing in the police station, you can then look at the evidence and work out your side of the story.

THIS IS HOW YOU WILL GET OFF.....

REMEMBER:

An interview is a no win situation.

You do not have to speak. If the police want to interview you, it shows you're in a good position..... And the only way to stay in that position is to refuse to be drawn into a conversation.

Answer "NO COMMENT" to any questions.

Q.What can I do if one of my friends or family has been arrested?

If someone you know is arrested, there's a lot you can do to help him or her from outside.

1. If you know what name they are using ring the police station (however if you're not sure don't give their real name away). Ask whether they are being held there and on what charges. However, remember that the cops may not tell you the truth.
2. Remove anything from the arrested persons house that the police may find interesting ;letters, address books, false I.D. etc - in case the police raid the house.
3. Take food, cigarettes etc. into the police station for your arrested friend.

BUT,don't go in to enquire at the police station to ask about a prisoner if you run the risk of arrest yourself. You'll only get arrested...DON'T GO ALONE>

The police have been known to lay off a prisoner if they have visible support from outside.It's solidarity that keeps prisoners in good spirits.

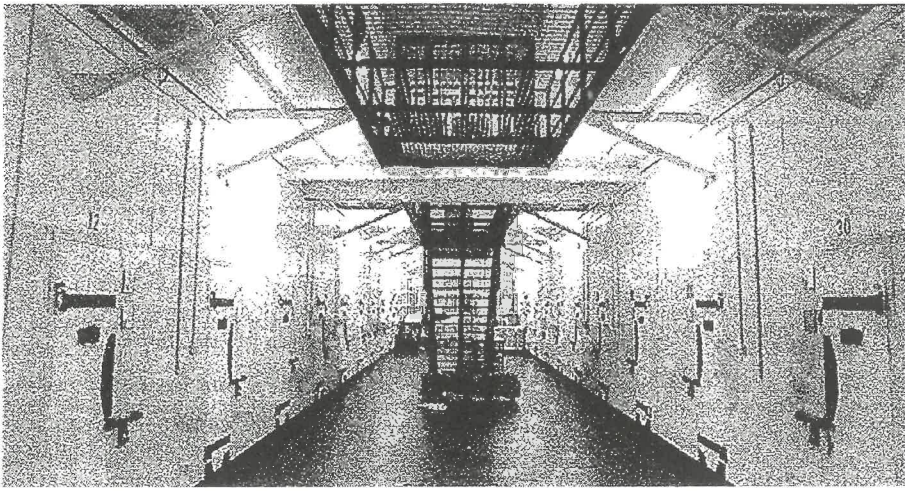


PRISON REVOLT



HELPING EACH OTHER ON THE INSIDE ...
HELPING PRISONER FAMILIES ON THE OUTSIDE ...
AND FIGHTING THE PRISON SYSTEM WITH DIRECT ACTION ...

SMASH UP THE PRISONS

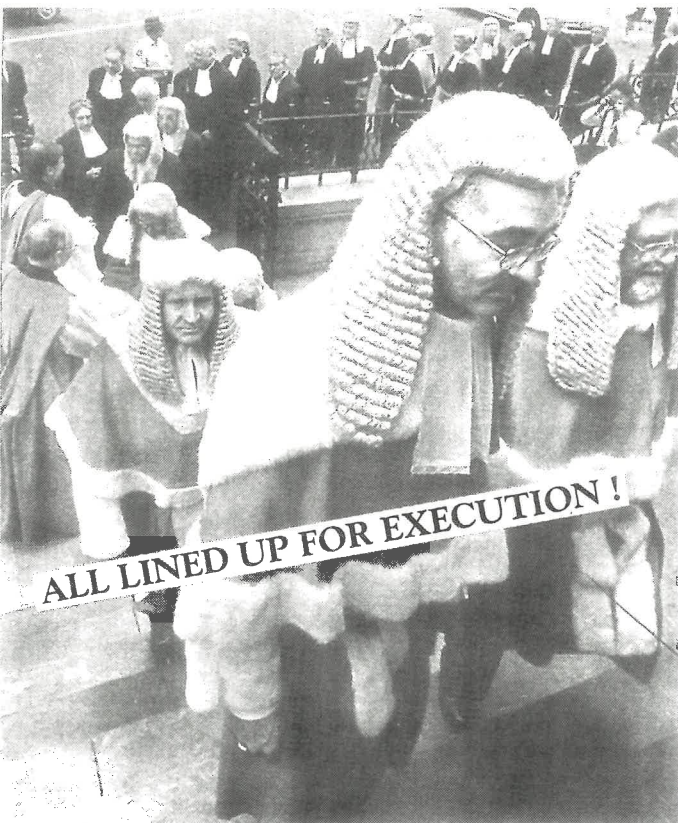


PRISONS

The idea of prison is a simple one; punish anyone who breaks their rules by putting them in a cage, limiting their freedom as much as possible, and breaking any rebellious spirit. Their plan is to churn out a model citizen after confining someone to a cage for years, feeding them crap food, denying them real contact with family and friends, and threatening them with the abusive hand of authority.

Their sinister masterplan is to get anyone who could be a threat to their control off the streets. Anyone who has seen through the smokescreen of 'normality', and rebelled against being a wage slave, against being on your knees to the boss at work-the cop on the streets-the judge in court-the teacher in school-the security guard in the shopping mall. All of them protecting the rich man's money and property.

All of



them keeping the system rolling along and getting anyone who sees the game for what it really is, off the streets and in prison. In prison- where they can be broken physically and mentally- and then released out onto the streets as a passive, authority respecting robot.

Until we get rid of the system that creates inequality, there are going to be more and more prisons.

To beat them, we are going to have to be tactical and organised. We have to work as hard as we can

against the dog eat dog principles that prison, and society, encourage. It's NOT 'everyone for themselves'. Our motto and legacy will be- "All for one and one for all". We have to help each other.

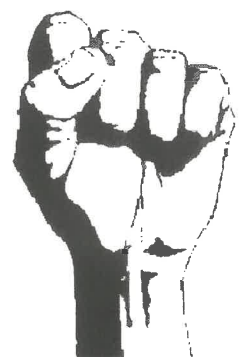
Not dog on each other; not rob off each other; not fight each

other. We have to unite.

We have to realise just who our real enemy is and band together to work and fight against them- not each other. We are black and white; we are

asian and arab. What unites us all is that we are the ones on the receiving end of authority and exploitation from the bosses, the cops, the judges and the media.

In prison, we have to look out for each other. Deal with informants. Share food and other essential items with those without. Build a solid, strong support network that encourages unity amongst us and directs our anger at those who would have us at each others throats so they can remain in control, and us their weak slaves. We have to extend this support network outside the prison walls to the families of those on the inside. For those families struggling on the outside, our network on the outside can help. When we leave prison we will take the new organisation with us. It will help us as much on the outside as it will on the inside, in our struggle

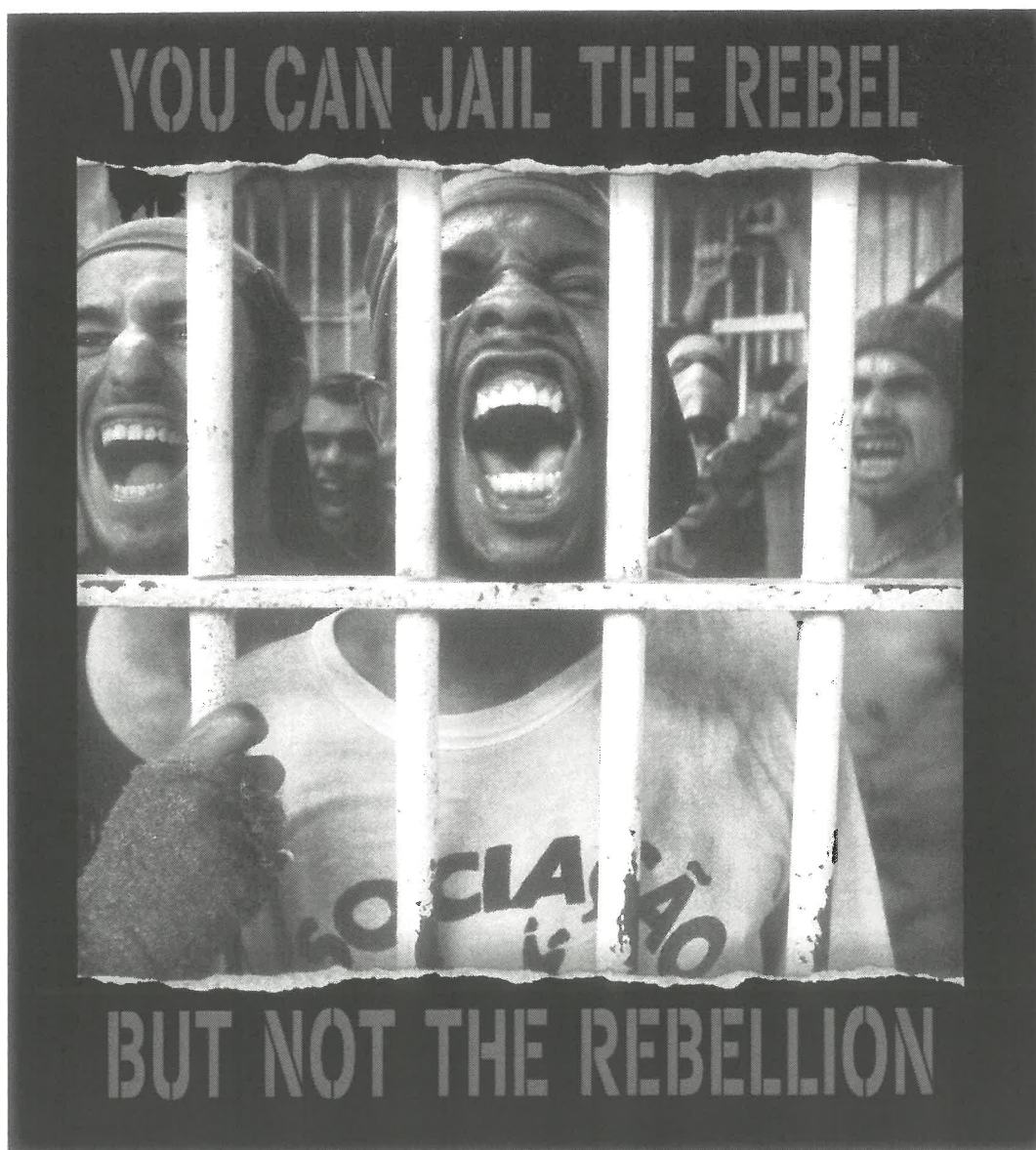


CLASSWAR



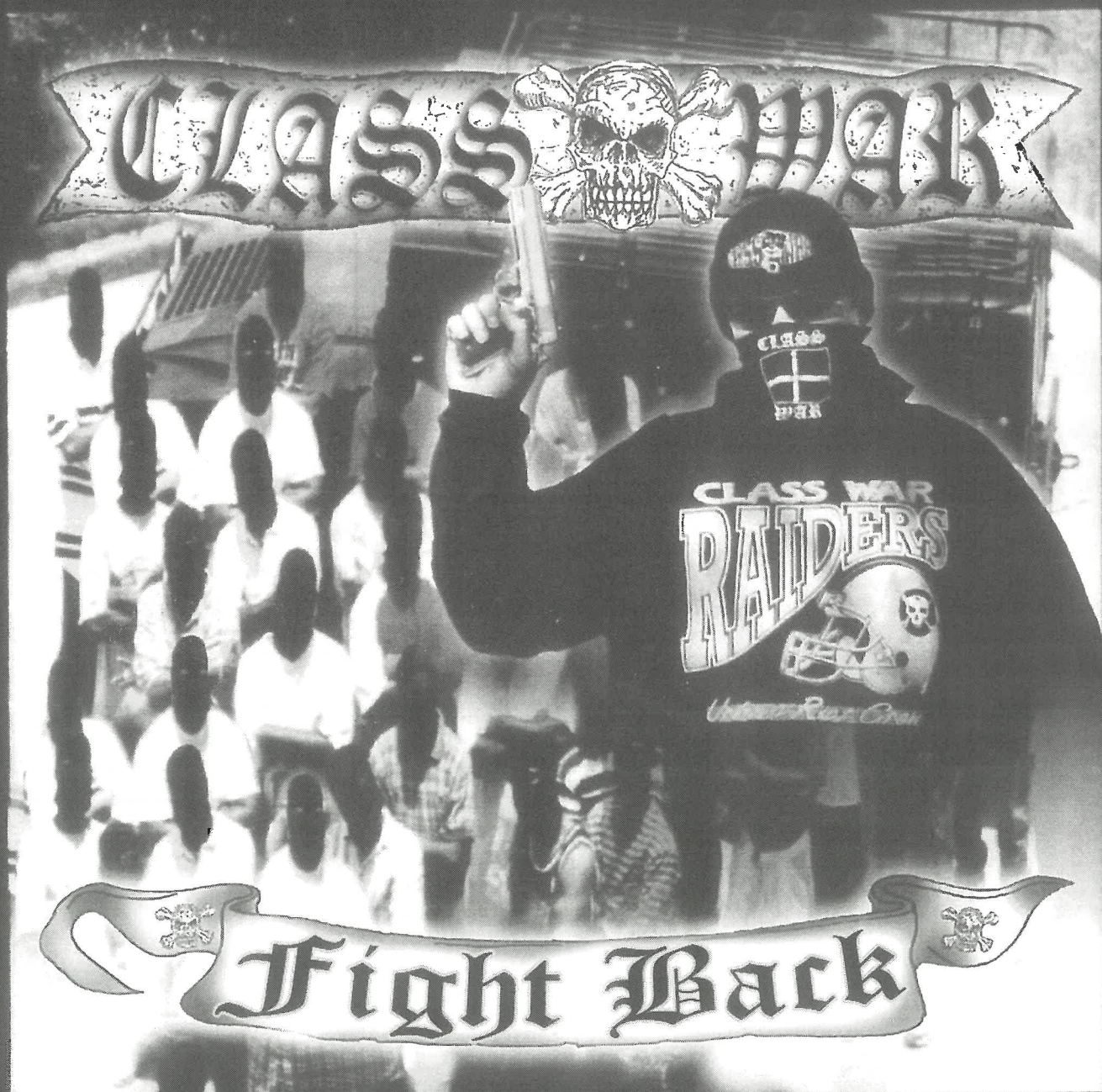
outside as it will on the inside, in our struggle against the hardships and dramas of everyday life.

We want to encourage strength and unity, amongst each other. And rebellion against the people and system that wants us on our knees, vulnerable, weak, insecure and in permanent competition with each other. When we work together for unity and combine that with our wild rebellious tendencies we will have the organisation we need to support each other and take the fight to the system that would have us in chains forever.



the design above is available on T Shirts
s - xxl AU\$20

profits go to helping out families of prisoners.
available from classwarforreal.com



Get ready for the big payback : a united attack by the wild youth across the city unleashing chaotic mayhem upon it's wealthy citizens and those who protect them, with absolutely no remorse. Now is the time to organise.

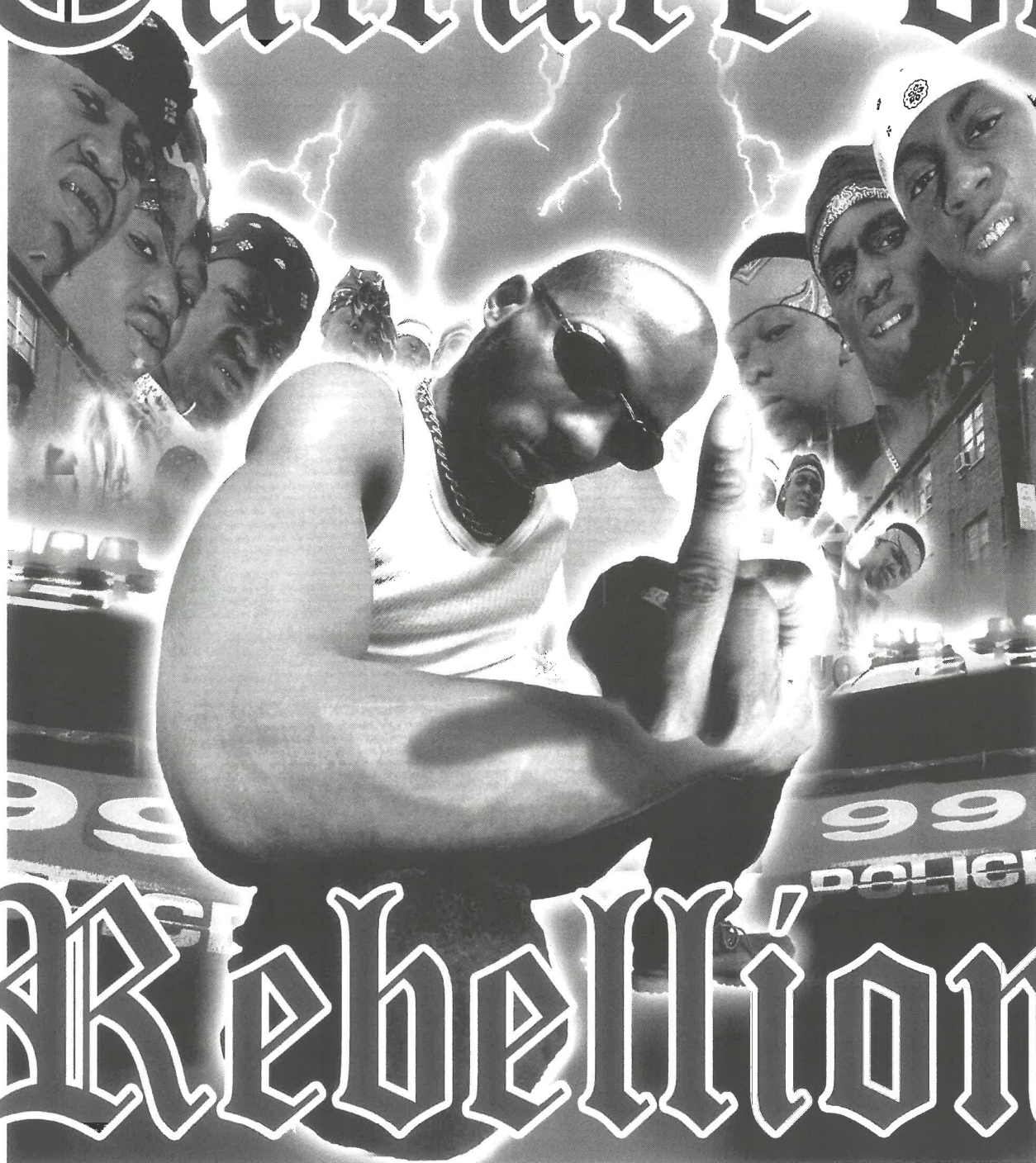
we will recruit the wild and the brave from every street and school in our areas. Our field of operations will be every wealthy suburb and business across across the land. Our methods will be class based and by any means necessary. We will not hold back.

Our code - absolute allegiance to eachother - no dogging , no careless talk and absolutely no communication with cops or any authority.

Our aim is to redirect and unleash our anger and frustration on our real enemy - the rich and all who protect and serve their interests. Everyone else is not a target.

This is Class War and the war is on !!

Culture of

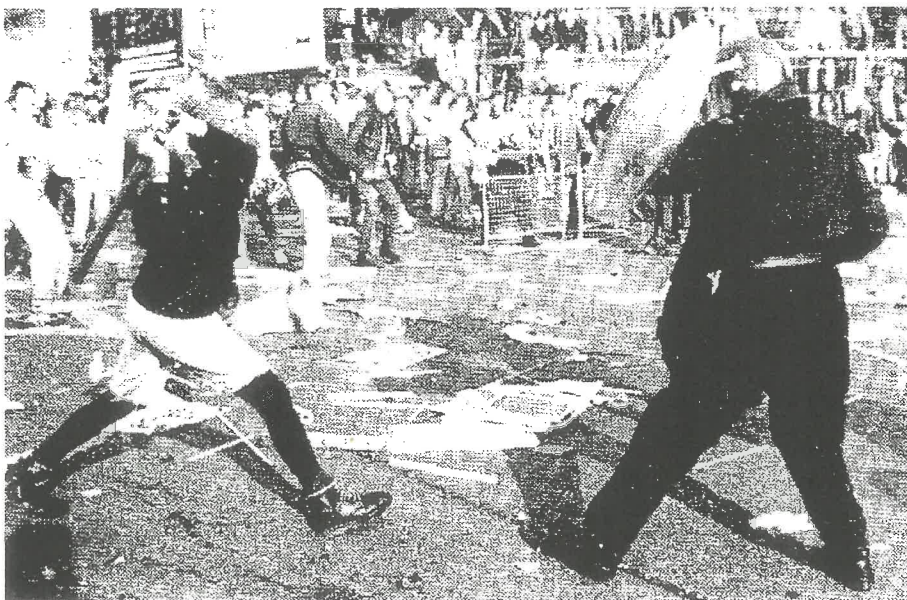


Rebellion

THE CULTURE OF RESISTANCE

When you take a closer look at what the T.V., Radio and newspapers are trying desperately to do, their sly plan becomes very obvious. They want us all to try and live like the dumb characters on T.V shows. They want us to see how all people who break the law, get caught and punished on the 50 thousand cop shows on T.V. They want to always portray the rebel as a loser, who either gets busted and sings like a canary, or see's the errors of his or her ways, and sells out and joins

the other side, or is totally destroyed by the cops and the courts. Their hidden agenda is to portray rebellion as futile. That it is much easier to submit, then to get up off your knees. They divide us by having nightly current affair shows that encourage dobbling, weakness and a co-operative attitude to authority. That's just on T.V. On the Radio we have a load of talkback hosts that are all millionaires, claiming to be the voice of the people, yet constantly pushing the blame for everything on to easy targets for people to turn against. They stir everyone up against all the wrong people, so that the people at the top, who are the root cause of all our troubles, get away unchallenged. It's a great big smokescreen, that gets us all fighting amongst ourselves, whilst the truth and injustice get over-looked. Newspapers do much the same thing, except in print.



The point of all this, is that they want to encourage a weak, non-rebellious culture, that works with authority, not against it.

They want conformity.

They want people's role model's to be sport, movie and music stars that are nothing more than puppets. Anybody strong enough to stand up to and challenge them, is to be silenced, ignored or destroyed.

They are not to be encouraged in any way as role models, or their way of life promoted as being in anyway strong, truthful or courageous. They want sheep

, not wolves. And the culture of weakness, injustice and conformity that their T.V., radio and newspapers encourage - breeds sheep not wolves. Their masterplan, is to create a nation of sheep.

And in doing so, make the wolf extinct.

Class War wants the exact opposite.

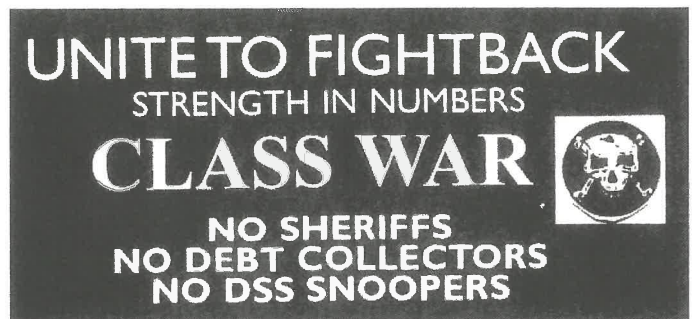
We want to bring out the wolf in the ones they desperately want to break, and encourage the wolves to work together. The culture we want to promote is one of rebellion, unity, and justice. We will push role models that are strong enough to stand up, not lie down. Those that fight back. The ones that side with the underdog, not the fatcat.

This culture of rebellion, unity and justice is simply a culture of the underdog, of the resistance. Part of this rebellious culture is music, clothes, cars, weapons, and behaviour; with a tendency towards street active. We call it the 'Culture of Resistance', because it is against all that breeds 'the sheep' in people, and against all that brings despair, loneliness and desperation in the community. It is every fist raised at authority. It is every ramraid, every riot, every spit and punch and brick thrown at those who would crush our rebellious and united spirit. It is every act of defiance on the street, at work, in prison, in court, to the cops-the boss-the bouncers-the security guards-the ticket inspectors, the wardens... to all those authority figures who are trying to break us. Class War is the celebration of this defiant culture of resistance.

This culture of resistance, is the only genuine opposition to the system we live in..It is like a virus that lives inside the rotting corpse that is society. It lurks like a cancer beneath the plastic perfection of the modern world. It moves and changes against the 'anti-biotics' the system uses against it; whether it be the coma inducing mind control of the



media, the blunting force of the police and prisons, or the endless doses of 'fake happiness pills' the system uses to make it weak, passive and under control. It is the goal of the system to divide the virus, and isolate and destroy its unifying and rebellious tendencies. This culture of resistance takes no notice of what is legal or illegal. It is not a plea from those on their knees for mercy. It is not a social reform movement to demonstrate against unjust laws. It is not a plea for a few more crumbs from the table. And it is not a passive petition or protest of any kind. It is the taking of what we need and want, so we can live and survive as free and 'un-chained' as possible. The culture of resistance is the tactics, actions and cunning we use in the daily struggle and fight, to survive and pursue this freedom.



It is the goal of Class War to publicize these tactics, actions and cunning wherever they occur, so that people can learn from them, and gain power and freedom from them. This culture of resistance is the only real threat to the masterplan of the rich and powerful, to break us and control us. It is in every country in the world. It is in all races and colours of people. It is male and female. It is in the young and the old. It is the underclass, the underdog, fighting back. And it is through communication, unity and action within the culture of resistance, that we can take control of our areas, locally, nationally and internationally.

It is a worldwide movement. It is us learning ideas from the tactics and actions of people in every corner of the globe in their struggle against authority, to get what they want and need, and to try

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Residents of Hillview Estate in Waterford prevent scabs from disconnecting non-payers water supply

different levels. You just have to join in and do it. It is the tactical fight against authority, for freedom and control of territory, in our daily lives. In our homes, in our streets, in our communities, and in our workplaces, as individuals and as groups. And it's happening now.

This culture of resistance takes a thousand different forms.....such as kids invading supermarkets and liberating what they need; pensioners covering for each other whilst they swipe food; people bartering trades, services and goods to cut out the 'cash exchange complex'; people getting together to kick child molesters out of communities; youths standing up to anyone robbing off their own; people stealing electricity, and making their own telephone and satellite T.V. connections; fighting off the police when they invade parties and community events; backing each other up in court; putting people up who've skipped bail; bootleggin' designer clothes, pirate C.D's, DVD's and games, jumping the bar and pouring your own beer; never letting a cop, dole-snooper, or investigator inside your home; organising carpools; 'go-slows' at work; secondary striking; making the boss the target - not your fellow worker; forcing ticket inspectors off trains; robbing banks; squatting; pulling insurance scams; stripping posh cars; helping out your neighbours; people chasing off parking inspectors, and ripping up their books and destroying their cameras; sharing; ramraiding; living as wild and free as you can; telling the landlord where to go, rorting the gambling machines; wrecking C.C.T.V. cameras...everything that strengthens and

to create, and seize areas that are as free from the laws, influences, culture and control of authority as possible. These areas will be liberated zones, that are safe for us, but not safe for the authorities.

They will be our fortresses.

And you don't have to go to Mexico and fight alongside the Zapatistas, to experience it. You don't have to go to Belfast or South Central L.A. or the South Bronx to join the culture of resistance. You don't have to fly off to Brazil or Russia to live in areas that are outside the law. Why? Because the culture of resistance is in every city in the world, at

THIS IS YOUR TERRITORY
DON'T RIP OFF YOUR OWN

**NO MUGGERS!
BURGLARS!**

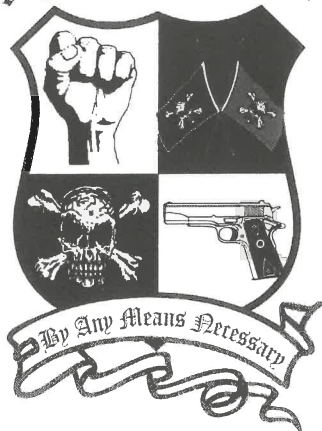
ONLY SCUMBAGS STEAL FROM
PEOPLE WHO LIVE HERE

inspires us, at the systems expense, is our power. It's all happening right now. All we need to do is inject a heavier dose of community consciousness into our actions, and organise secure communication networks with other areas and groups so that we don't become isolated pockets of resistance. If we do this, and base all our activities around strengthening anti-authority community spirit, we will create areas increasingly out of the governments control. In these areas, where all the usual barriers, distrust and obedience to authority have broken down, a new people- power will rule. And it's from within these people power zones that the foundation of a new and totally free society will be built. Everything will be shared out according to need not



CLASS WAR

For Control of Territory



greed. All the old negative, weak, un-caring traits that the system forced on us will fade. We will be united against a common enemy, for the liberation and benefit of everyone in our areas. We will create community centres everywhere. No one will go unprotected, lonely, or have to fight on their own anymore.

We will stand as one. No longer will crime be a social problem. Anti-social crime will be nipped-in-the-bud, not by outsiders such as cops or security guards, or by C.C.T.V. spy cameras watching our every move, but by people looking after each other, and a community conscious code of "don't rob here, go rob the rich..."

Crime will become a collective minded

effort, with a shared benefit. People that can't do it, can look after the families of those that can. They can also supply alibis, when needed, and do surveillance work and provide diversions when necessary. Anything or anyone that weakens our unity and rebellious community is the enemy. The banks, insurance company's, big businesses and property of the wealthy will be taken. All the time strengthening resolve, building on confidence, and inspiring ingenuity and imagination. Everytime we learn a new scam, racket or rort, we will communicate it through our networks to other liberated areas and like minded groups. At the moment, we are being isolated, ripped off, overworked, underpaid, and manipulated by the only people that benefit from us being on our knees-the people at the top. They have tricked us into blaming and attacking each other for our



problems, and not looking at the real source of our troubles-them.

CLASS WAR
JUST DO IT.

By standing together we can correct this situation. We can begin by stop being sheep, and being more like wolves.

For more information about the Class War pamphlet series and about Class War, log onto www.classwarforreal.com



Duke robbed

THIEVES have raided the Duke of Kent's country mansion and stolen antiques and silverware worth \$112,000.

THE BIKE'S BACK

A thief returned the bike he stole from Chris Oldham, 20, after hearing he had to walk five miles to work from his home in Wolstanton. Staffs.

THE ringleader of a schoolboy counterfeiting gang used his family's computer to print out fake \$50 notes, a court heard yesterday.

HOW THE CROOKS NOBBLE A JURY

● JURY nobbling is big business.

The stakes are high, but for big-time crooks who face jail, the risks are worth it.

Only yesterday The Sun told how a trial for alleged robbery was halted when it was feared two jurors had been got at.

One top jury nobbler, who re-

fused to be named, confessed to The Sun: "Villains end up believing they did not commit a crime and whatever they do to get off is fair game."

● So how DO crooks nobble a jury? Sun writer KIM BART-LETT reveals how they frighten 12 good men and true.

£ BRIBERY

THE price of freedom goes up all the time. Bribes have doubled in the last five years.

Professional jury riggers can command fees of up to £1million. One Mr Fixit claimed that even court officials can be bribed to reveal jurors' names and addresses.

A nobbler will watch the jury and may target a man who reads the racing pages of a newspaper.

He is probably a gambler, so the villains tail him. When he goes to a bookies, the fixer follows

and chats about racing. He invites the juror to have a bet. Then he offers more "betting" money if the punter does the right thing.

Our Mr Big confessed: "It's funny how jurors will go bent for silly money like £500 or £1,000. Yet the villains would go to £10,000 to straighten the jury out."

Another ploy is to puncture a juror's car tyre. A villain happens by and offers to fix it.

Then a wad of money comes out—everyone has a price.

CHALLENGE

LAWYERS have the legal right to throw out any juror who looks "too straight".

Anyone who looks like an ex-policeman, ex-military or someone who might be on the side of law and order can be removed by a simple objection.

A defence lawyer can exercise the right to challenge the presence of three jurors. In cases where there are several defendants, an entire jury can be replaced with people the defence believes are more likely to ensure an acquittal.

The object is to get young, impressionable, naive members who are more likely to acquit.

In the new Criminal Justice Bill currently going through Parliament, defence lawyers will be denied

TRIAL IS HALTED OVER 'JURY NOBBLING'

From yesterday's Sun

ONE of the most effective methods is for girls to offer an unsuspecting juror a good time.

The nobblers plant a beautiful woman prominently in court.

A man on the jury who keeps taking a peep becomes a possible candidate.

Big-time villains have prostitutes to do the job. One South London girl gets £300 for fixing a juror. The man thinks he is being chatted up, he's whisked into bed and a day later the threatening calls start.

He either plays the game or his wife is told about the sex romps.

INTIMIDATION

IN LEEDS they call it clocking and in London's East End it is known as screwing.

Whatever the name, the result is the same—nobblers know juries can be fixed with an evil stare.

Three years ago a judge at Norwich Crown Court ordered a retrial after the families of three defendants threatened the jury from the public gallery.

And last year, a judge at Leeds Crown Court ordered the jury to "do their duty" after one juror confessed they were too frightened to convict the soccer thugs on trial.

They claimed the defendants' friends had intimidated them. But hired riggers also watch the jury from the gallery.

How their evil stare can scare

Real pros go for very young or middle-aged people with families.

They approach them outside court and say they are a friend of the "innocent" defendant.

Then they ask about the juror's family before hinting something might happen should the trial go the wrong way.

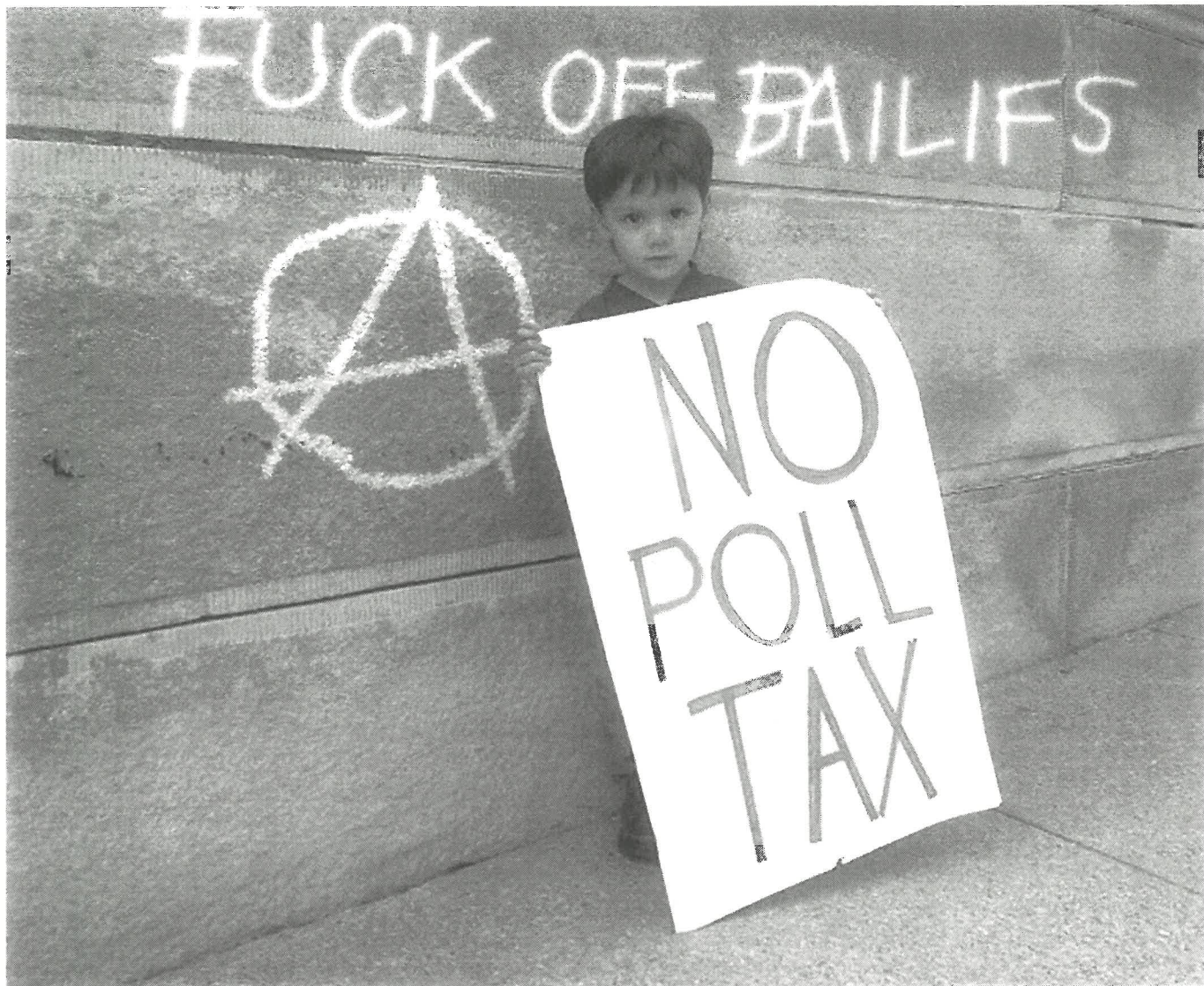
Many are so terrified by this they would sacrifice their integrity rather than risk their family.

It all adds up!

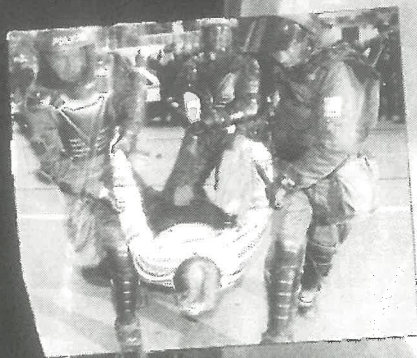
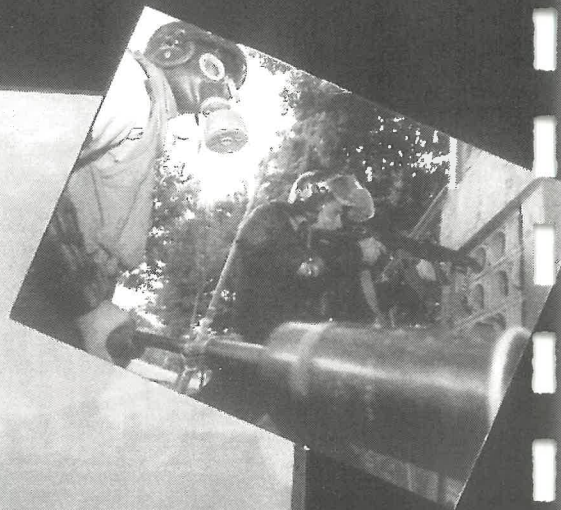
IT COSTS a staggering £68,000 a week to give a jury police protection throughout a trial. And 72 officers are needed full-time to do the job.

Detective Chief Superintendent Graham Melvin of Scotland Yard says: "It is extremely wasteful, but if officers believe the jury is likely to be nobbled, I have to consider protection."

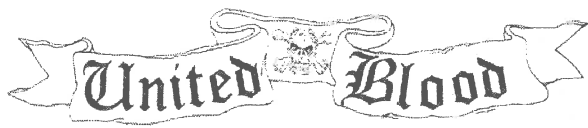
A top-level Scotland Yard working party is examining the problem of jury nobbling.



ANTI-POLICE



CLASS WAR AGAINST AUTHORITY



CLASS JUSTICE DECLARATION.1.

This is a call for action.

We're up against the law, the media, the government and all the other gutless scum who support them. It is time for us-the ones they want to rip off, screw around, imprison and sideline-to stick together.

And this means no more backstabbing and informing; no more turning a blind eye and not giving a damn. It is time to back each other up all the way.

We've got to rebuild a new form of combative community spirit where we live, and to form a tighter bond with our mates and families. A true blood bond. We have to be there for one another. No backdowns. No dogging. No backstabbing. It is time to take up the fight -to return the serve. If you see someone having a hard time-don't be a coward-help them out. If someone is on strike or facing grief, eviction or drama-back them up. Bosses and bullies won't be so confident when they face unity and strength against them. When we work together, there are no problems we can't solve. There are no limits to our resourcefulness. The feeling of strength, security and confidence to be gained by us sticking together will open up a whole new world of life and action to us.

Everything that contains, confuses and corrupts us will be dealt with by ourselves as a community-a group-as individuals...in action!.

It will be the beginning of a new future of unity, loyalty and strength. And the end of suffering alone and defenceless.

It will be us getting justice for ourselves. Us making our own future-together, instead of living on our knees and allowing others who control us through dividing us, making decisions for us.

When we do this we empower ourselves as individuals and as a community.

This is us taking control and power out of their hands and placing it our own.

It will be us taking control of our territory, lives and destiny once and for all.

We will be organised.

We will all be rich in spirit, health and life.

We will be truly free....join us in the struggle to achieve this.



CLASS JUSTICE DECLARATION.2.

Class Justice is the street active, organised direct action with the immediate intention of confronting and correcting injustice, inequality, and physical and mental abuse in the areas we live.

When taking this action, we want to unite people and rebuild a positive, caring community spirit.

We want to encourage people to help each other in times of need. We want to encourage people to socialize and enjoy each others company in a way that encourages them to come out and meet their neighbours, and find common ground-rather than slam shut their front doors on the outside world and live in a state of paranoia in a prison like home. In this way their only connection with the outside world is through the T.V. and newspapers, with their deliberately distorted view of the world. The media want people to be wary of each other, and for us not to look out for each other.

Because when we do look out for each other, we realise that we have a lot in common with each other. This is when the social barriers in life between young and old; men and women; asian-white-arab-black, begin to break down. These barriers are artificially created and pushed by the media to keep us all blaming one another for societies problems. This is exactly how the politicians want us - DIVIDED. We have everything to gain in life by helping each other and working together to solve our problems-as individuals-as friends and neighbours, and on the wider scale of things-as a community.

Because most people aren't rich, we can't fall



Because most people aren't rich, we can't fall back on money to solve our problems and 'buy' our way out of difficult situations. The one strength we do have is that of caring and bonding-unity. This unity can be more powerful and run deeper than anything money can arrange. Together we can take action to deal with loneliness, crime, violence and despair.

We don't really need anyone to do it for us. We, together, can do it ourselves.

The politicians-the courts and all the other institutions that are supposed to help us-have failed us. The time has come for us to get up off our knees and take action ourselves. Remember, on our own we are vulnerable, together we are strong. We have to push aside the forces that have us hiding in our homes, and ignore the propaganda on T.V. that wants us to believe that the outside world is full of problems that we cannot solve-so we should stick our heads back in the sand and do nothing.

Elderly people are not better off staying at home. Young people are not all thugs.

Asians and Arabs are not all drug dealers.

White people are not all racists.

Drugs, violence, abuse and neglect are all major problems. So is the run-down state of our Public Hospitals, Health Care, Welfare and care for the elderly and housing for low income families. And the reason that they are major problems is because we do not have the confidence, unity or organisation to deal with problems effectively together ourselves. Outsiders can not adequately protect us or help us. At this point, we lack only the confidence-not the ability-to take over and do it ourselves. That confidence-that unity-can only be attained through action and organisation.

It will be our passion and need for community and life that will move us to action once we remove the restraints. Our vulnerability and insecurity dictate our need for organisation.

This process of taking action will rebuild a new form of community spirit where we live and will result in tighter bonds with friends and families and neighbours.

No more turning a blind eye.

No more back-stabbing.

No more leaving responsibility to those in power to once again do a half-hearted, inadequate job.

We have to make the move to action ourselves.

Now is the time to do it-to return the serve.

We can't allow the elderly and the young; families and individuals; men and women; to suffer alone



anymore. When we work together there are no problems that we cannot solve. There are no limits to our resourcefulness. The feeling of strength, security and confidence to be gained from us working together will open up a whole new world of life and action to us. Everything that contains, confuses and corrupts us will be dealt with by ourselves as a community, as a group, as individuals-in action.

It will be the beginning of a new future of unity, loyalty and strength-and the end of suffering alone and defenceless.

It will mean us getting justice for ourselves-and in doing so, empowering ourselves.

It will mean us having more control in our community and in our individual lives.

We will be stronger, through unity and action.

We will be organised.

We will be united.

We will be rich in life, spirit and health.

Suicide, crime, suffering and loneliness will decrease, whilst caring, community and compassion will increase.

We will have hope for a decent liveable future for our children and loved ones.

This is the least we can aspire to.

For more information about the
Class War pamphlet series
and about Class War,
log onto
www.classwarforreal.com





WHOEVER THEY VOTE FOR



WE ARE UNGOVERNABLE

Escape from police car

A PRISONER, being taken to Parramatta police station to be charged, escaped today after assaulting a police officer.

The youth, aged between 17 and 19, escaped from a police car at 5am.

One officer had gone to open a roller door allowing access to an area for charging prisoners at the station, a police spokesman said.

When the door was opened a camera showed the prisoner was no longer in the car and another officer in the car had been assaulted.

The youth had been picked up for three alleged offences, one of them housebreaking.

He was described as having a scar across his forehead, caucasian and wearing grey track suit pants.

Armed cop shoots & kills 5-yr. old whilst he's asleep in bed. That evening a crowd of 50+ ambush cop cars answering a hoax call in the same area. 1 cop is injured, 2 patrol cars are overturned. A radio report states "There is widespread anti-police unrest throughout Birmingham"

50 youths attack cops with spikes torn from railings and bricks in Toxteth in the early hours. Roof of a patrol car is pierced. This is a relatively common occurrence in Toxteth

10+ youths attack cops with billiard balls and golf balls. At least 3 cops injured, a patrol car smashed

Attack on police car

TWO police officers feared for their lives when their patrol vehicle was damaged by a group of youths at Erskine Park yesterday, a court was told.

Student Alfred Fonua, 19, appeared at Parramatta Local Court charged with maliciously destroying property after a rock was thrown through

the rear windscreen of the police car.

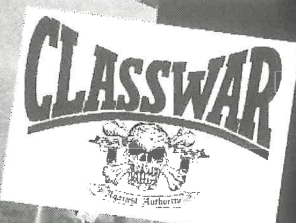
Police were trying to remove a group of 10 youths walking on the roadway at around 1.30am after being called to a nearby community centre.

The defendant, who was allegedly intoxicated, stood in the path of the police vehicle preventing it from

moving. The remainder of the group surrounded the officers who were still seated inside their vehicle.

They began kicking and throwing bottles rocks and wood at the police vehicle, shattering the back window.

Fonua was remanded in custody and will appear at Penrith Local Court tomorrow.



aflame as riots spread

PARIS: Arson around Paris and other French cities peaked yesterday with more than 900 cars torched in one night, and nearly 200 arrests made.

Police deployed helicopters and continued their arrests of youths responsible for the street violence that has rocked France, as troubles flared for the 10th consecutive night in Paris suburbs.

The outskirts of other French cities — including Toulouse, Rennes, Nantes and Lille — were hit by copycat attacks.

Fires were also started in central Paris itself, where a petrol bomb set alight four cars

Riot fever!



Man jailed for bashing officer

A MAN who took part in a gang attack on a police officer last Friday was jailed for a minimum of 12 months yesterday.

Tupuga Tuigamala, 22, attacked Senior Constable Fred Kinch and then hit him across the head with a brick.

Campbelltown Local Court heard Constable Kinch stopped a car in Blackland Rd, Campbelltown, while working alone to breath test the driver at 3.30am.

Three men including Tuigamala and two women were passengers and some of them started to get out of the car.

Constable Kinch was struck from behind and people began to kick him.

Magistrate Doug Simpson heard Constable Kinch shot the driver who was kicking him in the head.

Constable Kinch tried to call on his radio for help.

Brian van Zuylen, for ant was a non-participant in the assault until the shot was fired.

Tuigamala, of Hildwell, pleaded guilty to assaulting Constable Kinch and to affray.

Mr Simpson imposed a maximum jail term of 18 months.

Two other males allegedly involved in the attack were bailed to appear in Campbelltown Local Court court on April 23.

CLASS WAR



FIGHT BACK!

What we're facing up to now is the most relentless, devious and well-planned offensive to hold the people at ransom in history.

We are being conned into accepting a tenth rate life that is ruled by money - where people, their feelings and what we really want doesn't count. Control of our lives is always kept just out of our reach..... we are held hostage by TV, kept under control by their propaganda, stereotypes, false information... If you don't want to fit in or play the game by their rules, then you can expect to be imprisoned, beaten up, monitored, harassed, killed or just left to rot on the scrap heap.....

So what does worry the rich and powerful who are fast destroying our world - what does shatter this comfortable little arrangement of theirs? People working together, thinking for themselves not of themselves, riots, strikes, communities organising and defending themselves in a non-compromising way, real communication, angry youths on the streets with nothing to lose.....

The time to rise above petty differences, organise around every aspect of our lives and wage a totally ruthless struggle against all oppressive forces is now !!!

KICK DOWN THEIR BARRIERS AND TAKE THE FIGHT TO THEM !!!

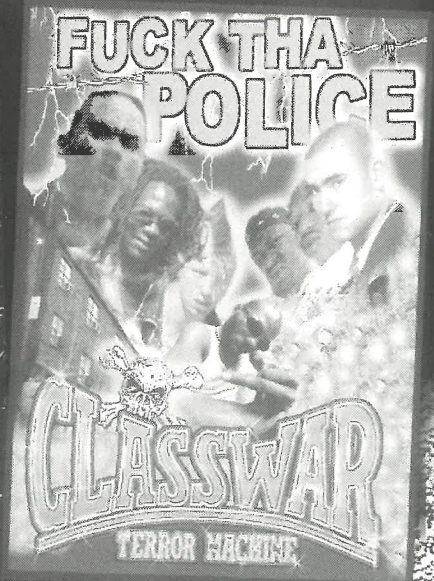


"FOR EVERY COPPER ACTIVE IN AUSTRALIA TODAY THERE ARE THIS MANY WORKING CLASS CITIZENS"

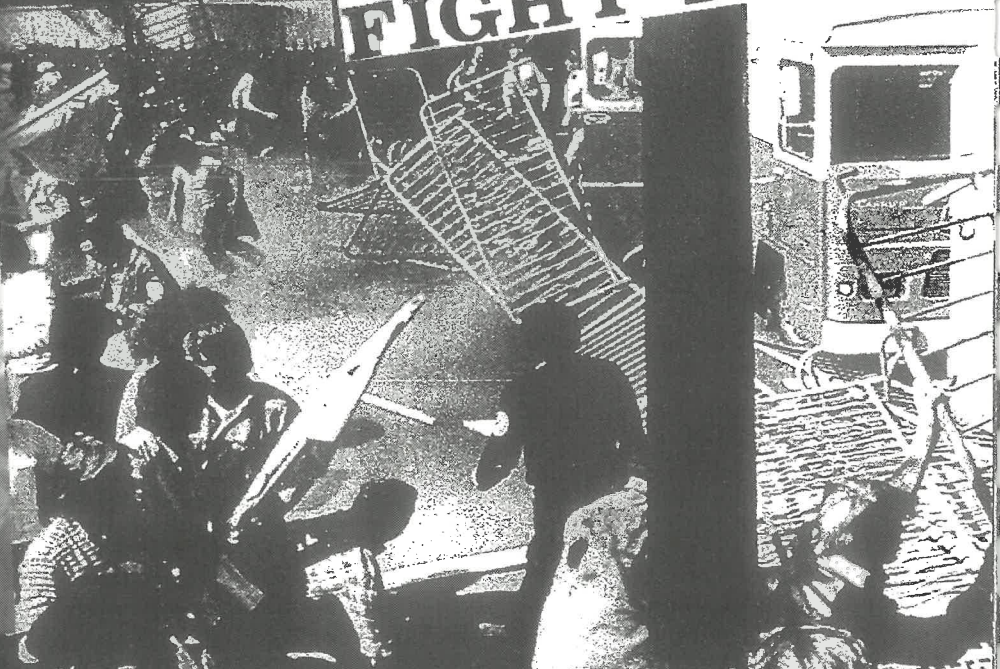
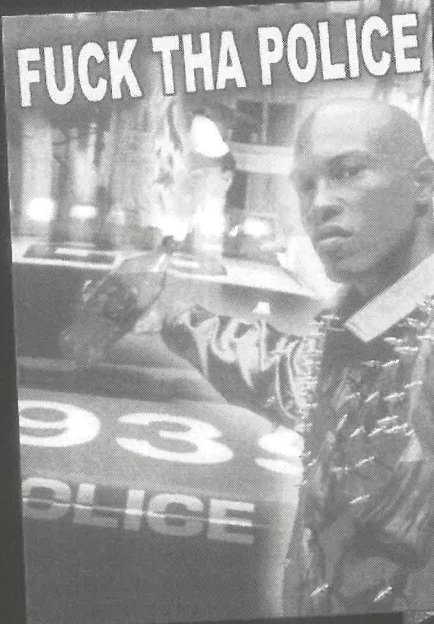
We all want justice and equality. But it's only by working together in our different neighbourhoods, all across the country, that we can achieve that. The people who run this country, the bosses and politicians, rely on the police to keep us in line. They don't want us to fight back. But, together with your neighbours, you can.

**PARTNERS
AGAINST
FILTH**

If you see coppers dishing it out, don't turn a blind eye, get your mates and give the police a taste of their own medicine. By working together we can reduce opportunities for these anti-social thugs. And if we all do something today, the criminals who hide behind the filth will stand a lot less chance of getting away with it.

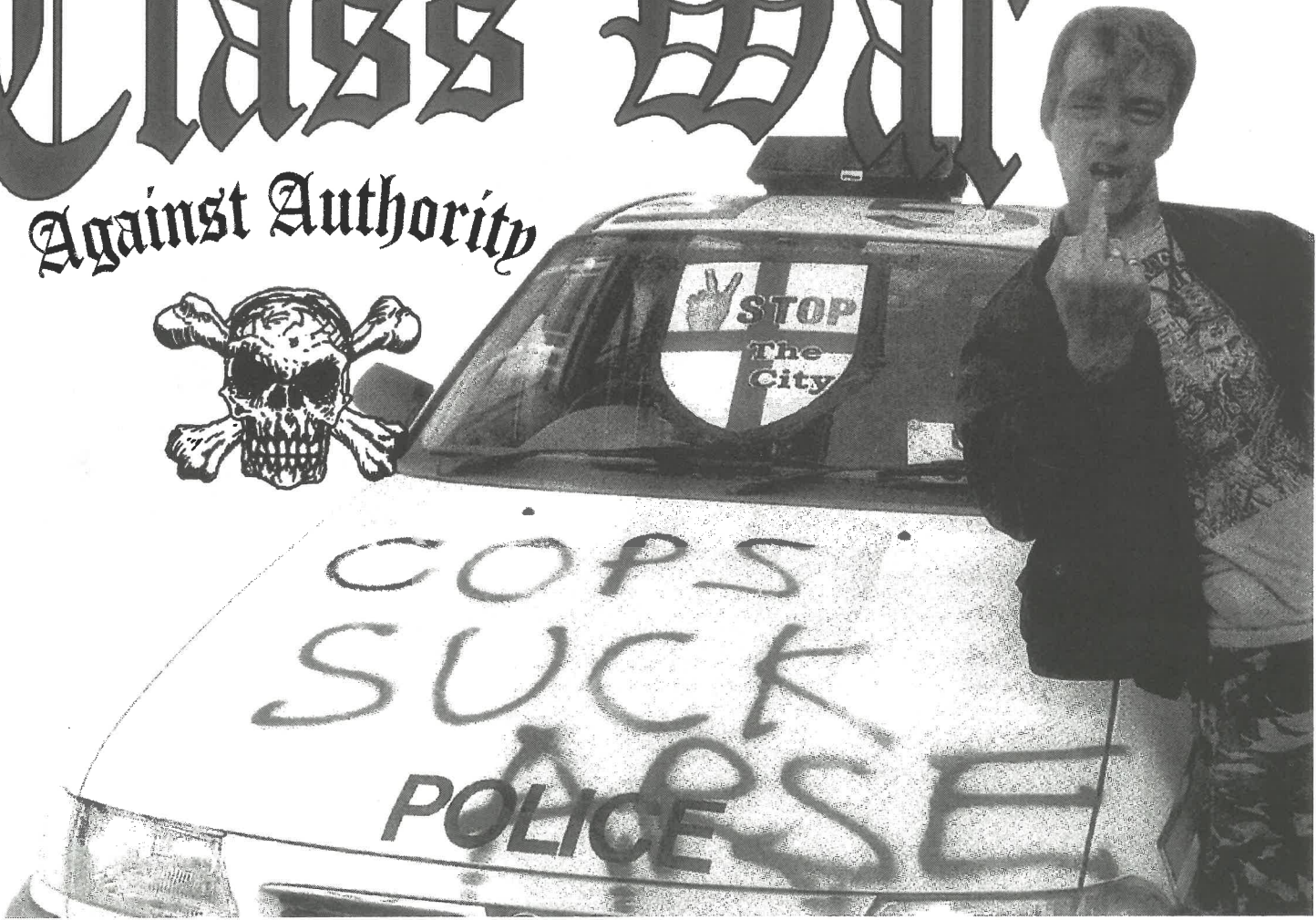


FIGHT BACK!



Class War

Against Authority



THIS IS CLASS WAR-THE CELEBRATION OF REBELLION AND DEFIANCE WHENEVER AND WHEREVER IT MAY OCCUR. EVERY PUNCH, KICK OR SPIT; EVERY MOLOTOV COCTAIL. BULLET OR THROWN BRICK AT THE FACE OF AUTHORITY IS AN EXPRESSION OF THE CLASS WAR THAT IS BEING WAGED EVERYWHERE.

WE WANT UNITY AND REBELLION-THE DOUBLE BARRELLED SHOTGUN THAT WE NEED MORE OF, TO FIGHT THE RICH, THE GOVERNMENT AND ALL THE TRAITORS WHO SERVE AND SUPPORT THEM-YOU KNOW WHO THEY ARE-THE SCUM WHO TRY TO BREAK REBELLIOUS SPIRIT AND UNITY EVERYWHERE THEY GO, AND WITH EVERYTHING THAT THEY DO; THE COPS -THE JUDGES-THE PRISON GUARDS-THE SOCIAL WORKERS-THE SECURITY GUARDS; THIS IS THE RICH MANS ARMY, AND OUR WAR IS A NO-HOLDS-BARRED FIGHT AGAINST THEM.

IF YOU ARE WILD AND REBELLIOUS, AND THINK THAT WE SHOULD STICK TOGETHER MORE, AND FIGHT THE BASTARDS ANYWAY WE CAN-THEN YOU'RE ALREADY CLASS WAR!

SO JOIN OUR CELEBRATION OF REBELLION AND UNITY OF THE UNDERCLASS FIGHTBACK, OF TWO FINGERS RAISED TO AUTHORITY EVERYWHERE WITH NO APOLOGIES .

CLASS WAR IS THE WAY TO SAY "FUCK YOU"! TO THE COPS AND RICH BASTARDS LOUD AND PROUD - NOT WHISPERED UNDER YOUR BREATH. THIS IS THE WILD ONES ON THE RAMPAGE.

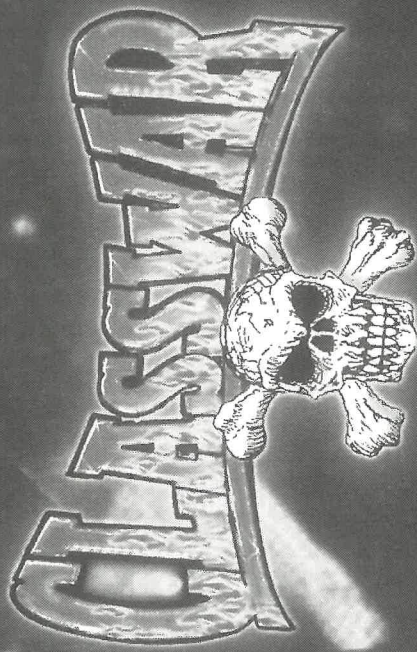
THIS IS THE CARING AND LOVING OF OUR CLASS AND THE HATRED AND ANGER AIMED AT OUR CLASS ENEMIES AND TRAITORS EVERYWHERE. THIS IS CLASS WAR AND THE WAR IS ON!

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AND OUR WAR IS A NO-HOLDS-BARRED FIGHT AGAINST THEM.

FUCK THE POLICE



IF YOU ARE WILD AND REBELLIOUS, AND THINK THAT WE SHOULD STICK TOGETHER MORE, AND FIGHT THE BASTARDS
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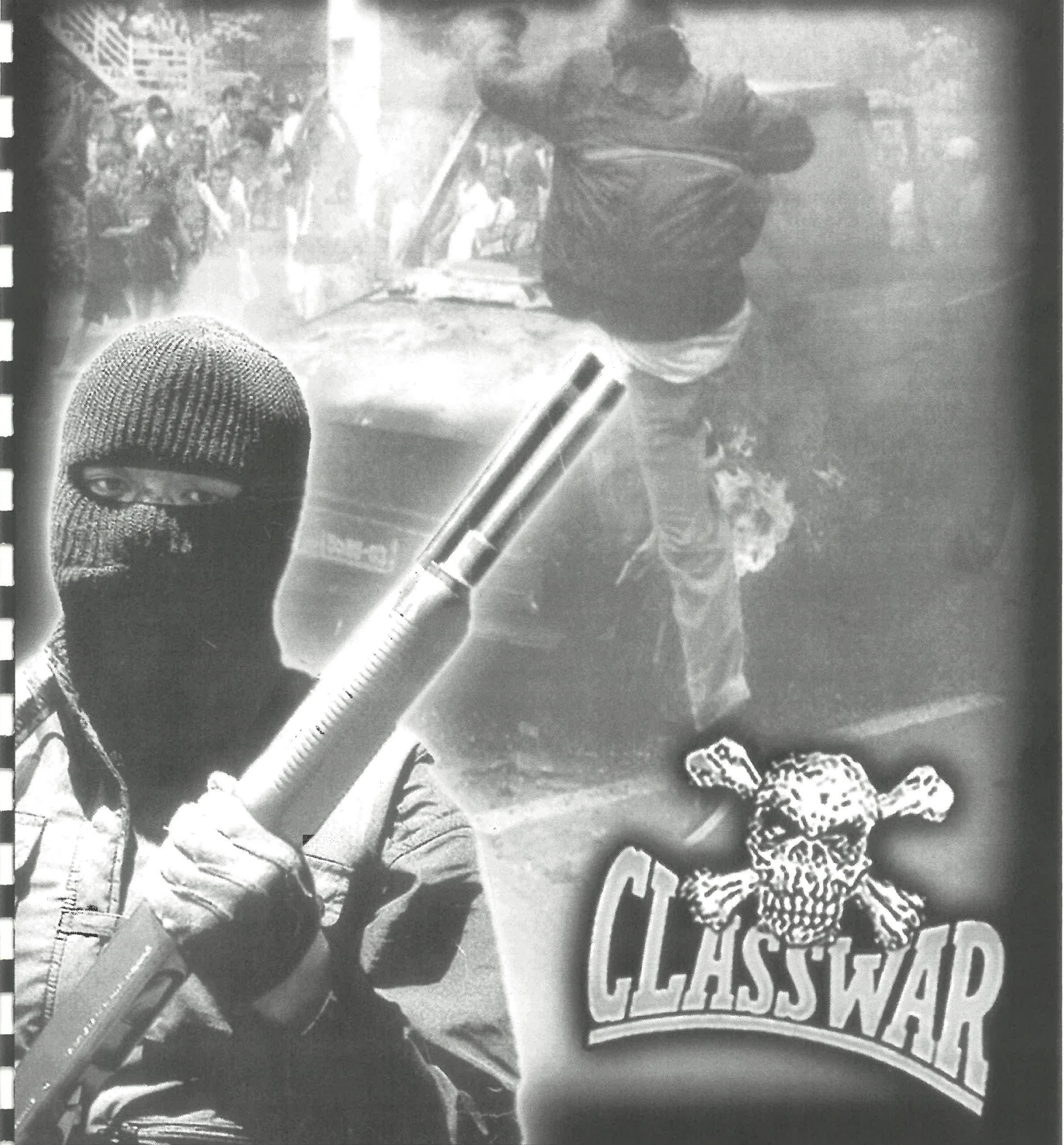
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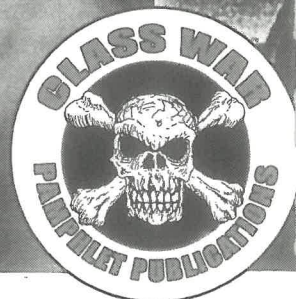
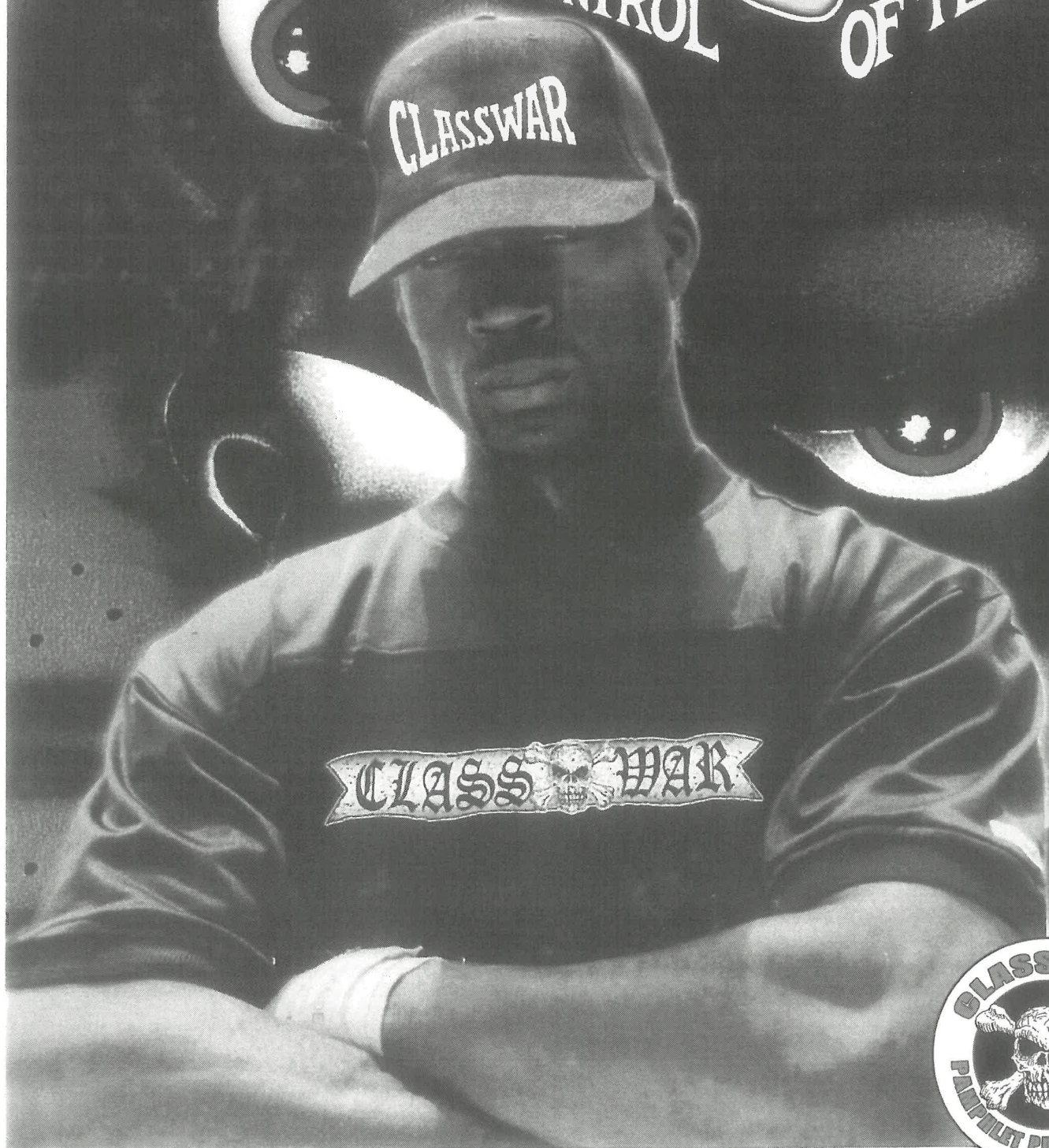
FIGHT BACK!

BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY



CLASSWAR

FOR CONTROL OF TERRITORY



For Control of Territory

CLASS WAR

FOR CONTROL OF TERRITORY

The area's we live in are under assault from both outside and within.

From the outside we are subjected to a hailstorm of media lies and deliberately exaggerated stories, facts and figures that are all a part of the media's plan to keep us divided and blaming each other for societies problems. Their reason for doing this is to maintain the social position of the rich at the top and the rest of us under their control and management. They constantly attack us and put us down; labelling us hoodlums- drunks-criminals-bludgers-workshy-drugdealers- anything to hack away at our self esteem and confidence. They hate us, but need us to do everything for them so they can lay around their mansions getting fat off our hard work. They have created and encouraged a culture of dobbing on each other to create division and anti-trust in our areas. They have created and encouraged a culture of material competition within our class that serves their purpose still further of dividing us. They have encouraged a "Don't look out for your mates " attitude and culture amongst our class so that we never unite to strengthen our position.

They want us weak and vulnerable.

Their army of cops, sheriffs, dole snoopers, security guards and prison wardens are there to break us and keep us broken and on our knees and at each others throats-not theirs.

That is how they keep us divided, insecure, weak and vulnerable, from the outside.

From the inside, we have not helped ourselves by falling for their con, hook, line and sinker.

We have turned on ourselves and each other by robbing off each other. By dobbing on each other. By allowing anti-social people to deal community destroying drugs such as heroin and crack in our areas. By not looking out for each other. By allowing our areas to get rundown by not taking responsibility for areas that are in fact, ours. By passing the buck and becoming dependant on politicians, councillors and a muggy shower of do-nothing paper shufflers that make big promises

but deliver little.

We are doing exactly what they want us to do- turning our anger and frustration on each other. So, what is it that they don't want us to do? Easy- Take back the power that we have handed over to them.

But the power of what, exactly?.....The power that comes from us controlling our own territory, that's what.

Why should they decide what happens in a place that they don't even live in. What sort of genuine obligations are they going to fulfill to a community that they are not even part of?

It is our community and it is us who have to rise to the occasion and take, seize and grab control and responsibility away from the people who would have us on our knees and at their mercy forever.

To begin with we have got to look out for each other. It is not hard to do. If we do the most basic things like minding each others kids or making sure a friends house doesn't get robbed whilst they aren't there- soon we will begin to create something that we can build upon. This is the beginning of building a power base. It is amazing how quick a street or housing block can develop some unity and confidence if a network of communication and self help is started. It is important to create some security amongst the people who live there. Because this security builds confidence. It is also how we rise above the petty differences that the media and outside controllers encourage that normally keep us divided, such as race, religion, age, for example.

To build on this power base, we have to push outwards and begin to assert some control and



responsibility over our immediate surroundings. This can mean educating the youth not to destroy their own territory. That important things that everyone needs and uses like public



phones, parks, lifts and walkways have got to be preserved and looked after-not vandalised and destroyed. It is important to instill in people that by breaking into the cars and homes of the people that live in their own areas, all they are doing is doing the other sides dirty work for them-instilling fear and division in their own class and area. It is their area-they should help protect it not destroy it. Because our areas are where people of low incomes live, there is usually pressure, financially, to keep the wolves from the door. Christmas time can be hard. Especially for single parent families, and families with loved ones in prison or not well. We have to make an effort to help, in what ever way we can, to ease people through hard times.

The cause for those who want to help is on your own housing block or street-not just in some desert 10,000 miles away. We have to try to build our areas up to a point where if the sheriff or debt collectors come to intimidate people, they are run out of the area. The same goes for any authority figures that threaten the unity and power base that we have built. If people are dealing smack in the area, they are to be given only one warning, then they are to be made to leave. People will see what is being created and will help.

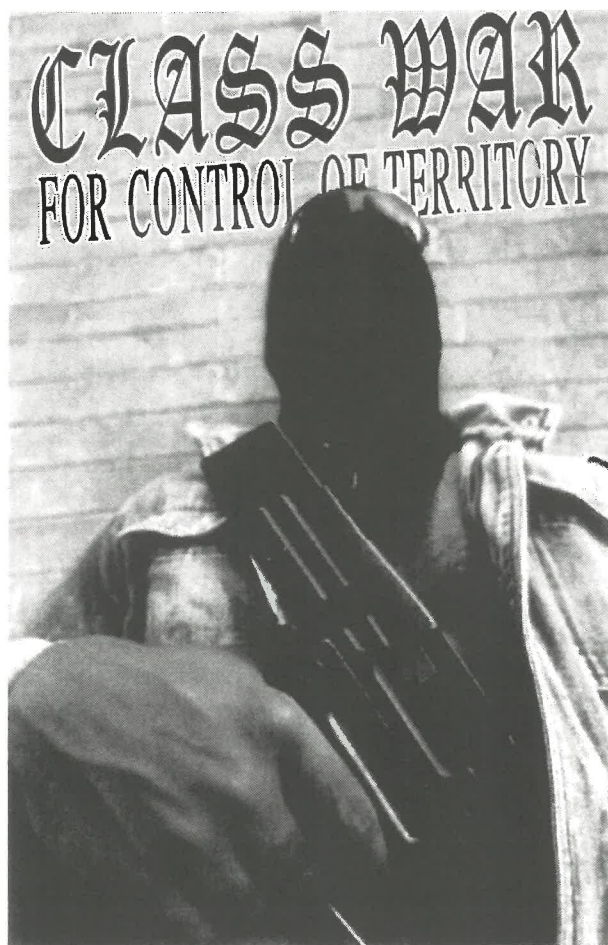
A telephone network for emergencies is important so that people can be mobilised to help each other in crisis situations quickly.

As the power base strengthens and spreads, the hold the outside forces of division and despair have over the area begin to weaken. It becomes easier to see through the lies and propaganda of the media. You find yourself taking less notice of their campaigns to direct our frustrations at one

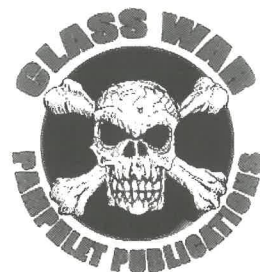
another. People become less inclined to dob on each other or rob from someone who looked after their kids whilst they were at the doctors or in court. This is a sign that we are taking control back from them. We are beginning to unite... What politicians say or media celebrities are doing isn't as important anymore. What is happening on your block or street is.

And this, us taking responsibility and control, and in doing so taking power, inch by inch, is the only way for us, as a class, to rise from our knees, as individuals, as families, and as a community, and make lasting and real change in our lives. We have to do it ourselves. The more we leave responsibility for, and decisions about, our areas to outside forces-the weaker and more subserviant we become.

Through unity, action and organisation we can begin to take back control of our own territory... It begins with you and me.



For more information about the Class War pamphlet series and about Class War, log onto www.classwarforreal.com



Stickers - mark your area !

Here's a series of stickers you can copy and paste up in your own area.

Every time you buy a pint
the government takes
a third in tax!
Buy from the black market:
you know it makes sense



CLASS WAR

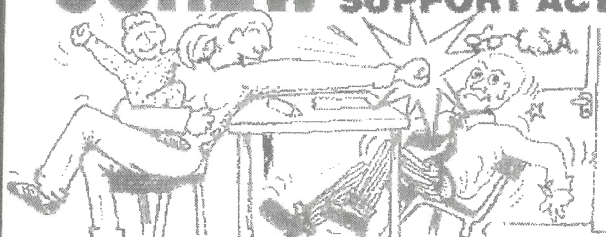
**NO WAR
But The
CLASS WAR**

LET'S TAKE BACK OUR WEALTH



AND STOP STEALING FROM EACH OTHER

**SCREW THE CHILD
SUPPORT ACT**



GIVE SNOOPERS GRIEF NOT INFO.

NO  **Heroin Is
Destroying
Our Communities**

CLASS WAR

THIS IS A WORKING CLASS AREA
DON'T RIP OFF YOUR OWN

**NO MUGGERS !
BURGLARS !**

ONLY SCUMBAGS STEAL FROM
WORKING CLASS PEOPLE

CLASS WAR FEDERATION



**Capitalism
Is Killing
Football**

CLASS WAR

**WORK HARD. PAY BILLS.
TRUST COPS. VOTE.**

...YER RIGHT!



CLASS WAR. For real working class power.

CLASS WAR

For Control of Territory



We believe that the liberation of the working class is the job of the working class themselves **ALONE!** At present there is **NO** organisation or movement capable of attracting the working class. At the present the Left/Anarchist groups are controlled and dominated by middle class people, which leads to middle class ideas, which leads to nowhere. We believe that an organisation needs to be set up which is run solely for working class people. By working class, we don't mean middle class 'poor' students, or middle class 'New Age Beggars', or so-called middle class revolutionaries or any other middle class temporary drop-out.

Only with an organisation which is 100% working class can we begin the job of revolution. As has been said before conditions for trouble here in Britain have never been better: A hated Government and **NO** opposition. The working class are looking around for new ideas and at different political groups: B.N.P., Militant Labour, Scottish Nationalists, Welsh Nationalists, or not bothering to vote for anybody. The three main political parties are totally discredited. Up and down the country the council estates and other working class areas have become no-go areas and battle zones between youths and the cops.

What is needed is an organisation to take a lead and show itself as an alternative to all the shit we have to put up with. An alternative to all the lies and betrayal. This is why groups like *Class War* - despite having some outstanding individuals - have failed dismally. Instead of concerning itself with **THE** Class War it follows the rest of the Left running around London chasing 30 fascists, environmental issues and having heavy debates on Ireland, Sexism, racism etc etc.

The only thing that will destroy fascism and the best thing we can do to help the working class of Ireland is to have a revolution **HERE**. **ONLY** a politicised working class can destroy fascism. The worst way to politicise working class people is to have a load of wimpy middle class lefties/Anarchists telling them not to be racist and then going home to their nice middle class homes like missionaries coming back from the jungle.

Middle class people are obsessed with working class suffering miles away: Ireland, South Africa, Cuba etc etc, but will not lift a well manicured finger to help us when we're on their doorstep. This is because **ALL** middle class people are brought up to believe that **WE** are inferior to **THEM** - not realising it's the other way round - it takes more than two years in an anarchist group to change that.

The first step to working class revolution is the setting up of a 100% working class organisation whose sole concern is for the working class and its liberation. One of our first aims is to attract all those working class people who wouldn't stand a chance of ever joining any of the anarchist/left wing groups because they're not politically correct or right on enough: basically the whole of the working class! Remember the **REAL** revolutionaries of tomorrow won't come from any of these organisations but will be found on the council estates of Peckham, Salford, Hartcliffe etc etc.

Our job as working class revolutionaries is to agitate and encourage trouble on our estates and working class areas, preferably where we were brought up and are known. Failing that, to pick the most violent, notorious, nasty estate and work there. The sort of areas which most anarchists/lefties are too shit scared to drink in, in case they get beaten up by 'sexist and racist beer boys/girls etc'. The sort of areas where the B.N.P. would like to operate.

Without no middle class interference we can seize on the local issues: bailiffs, burglars, drugs, cops, single mothers etc etc and stir things up to the benefit of the working class people through flyposting, graffiti, broadsheets, meetings etc. By linking up with other estates up and down the country and without being held back by middle class ignorance, liberalism and compromise a **REAL** revolutionary movement could begin to grow.

We appeal to all working class people of whatever political group or none, to get in touch with us to discuss the above with a view to getting something new and positive going.

SQUATTING

DIRECT ACTION AGAINST HOMELESSNESS



Squatting can be a solution to the housing problems of people who don't qualify for public housing and can't afford to buy a place or pay the extortionate rents asked by landlords. It can also be the answer for people who have spent years on waiting lists without a home of their own. Squatting is a way of using houses that would otherwise stay empty while the paper pushers argue over statistics and minor details...and people stay homeless!



SNIFFER DOGS

HATE

**CHILLI
POWDER**

WORKING CLASS HEROES

If you follow what is said in the mainstream media, you'd almost be forgiven for thinking that all the people's heroes are sports, film and popstars. Occasionally, the harmless malign force of a reformed semi-criminal figure or re-hab brainwashed ex panadol abuser is wheeled out for us all to see what you get when you sell-out completely and become a lobotomised straight citizen...

How the fuck are any of these tossers heroes?.... Sportstars? popstars?..

your average potplant has more genuine character and attitude!

However, throughout history, have been many true heroes who've deserved the moniker of 'legend'. People that put themselves on the line for the real fight against a system that breaks rebellious spirit as soon as it can-because it knows-that real rebel role models can cause a cataclysmic domino effect.....and the next thing you know is everyone's doin' it!

They fought on the streets, in the prisons and with their own different tactics-riots, strikes bank robbery and rebellion-all with a gut wrenching hatred for all authority, and a passionate feeling for the exploited and oppressed. This marked them as the legends that they are.

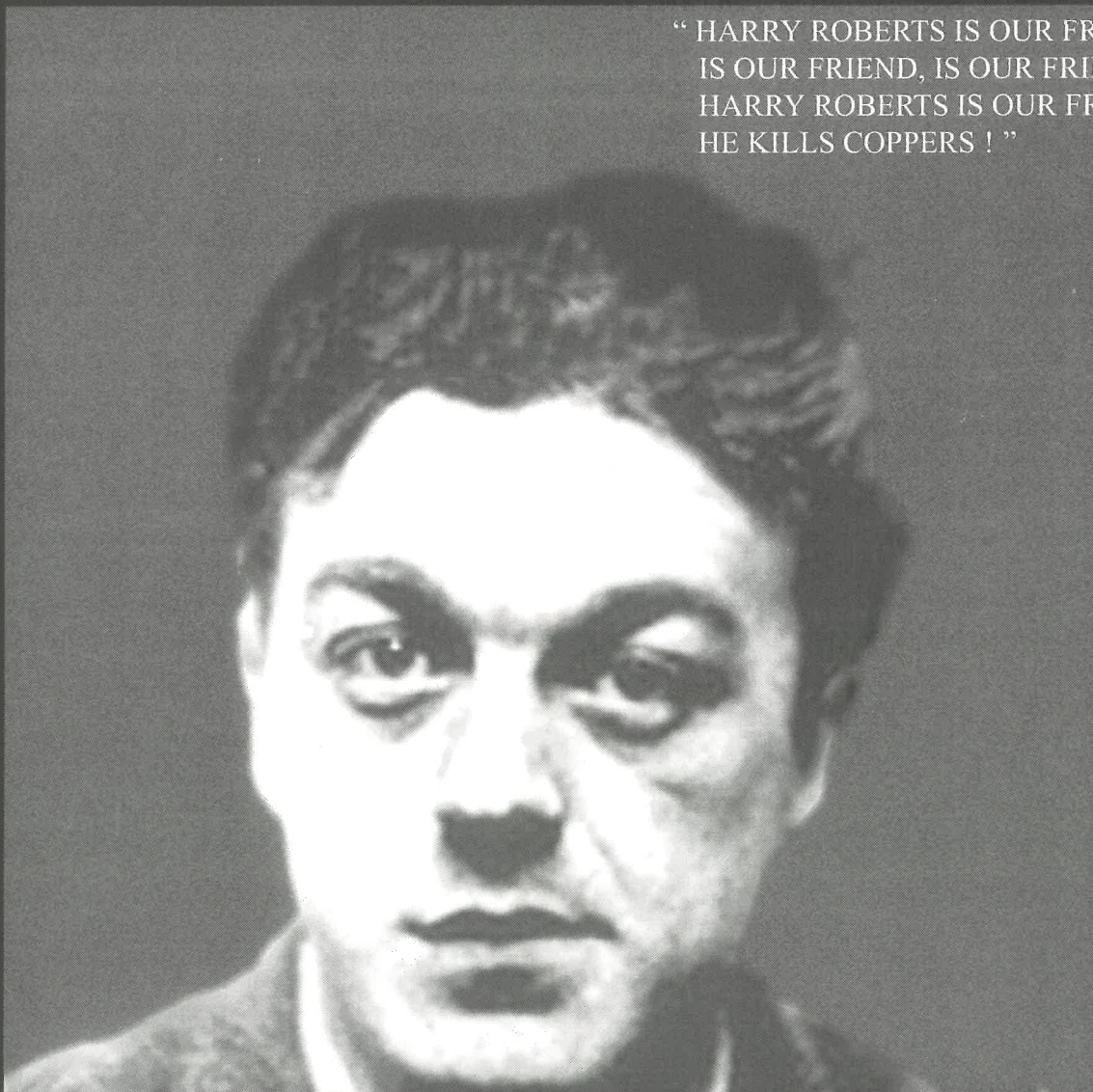
The t shirts and posters that are available here celebrate the lives of these working class heroes. None ever compromised their position. They weren't sell-out fake gangsters who pimp and exploit the poor. They knew who their enemies were, and that's who they aimed at. They refused to fight with one hand tied behind their backs. They never surrendered their principals or themselves to authority....unlike your average pop or sportstar, who'd quite happily sell their mothers if it meant propping up a sliding career...But we already know that about these sort people.

The big question for us is, do we have the courage of our convictions to follow in the footsteps of these real working class heroes? Wear these shirts with pride-and it's a big step in the right direction!



HARRY ROBERTS

"HARRY ROBERTS IS OUR FRIEND,
IS OUR FRIEND, IS OUR FRIEND
HARRY ROBERTS IS OUR FRIEND,
HE KILLS COPPERS !"

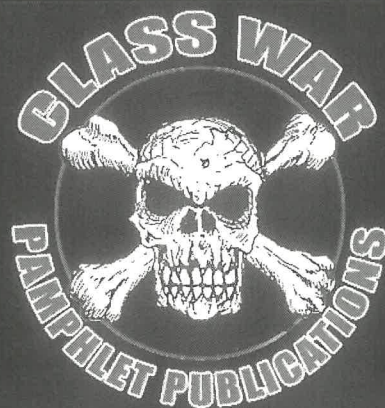


WORKING CLASS HERO

In 1966 Harry Roberts shot 3 coppers just down the road from Wembley stadium, where Geoff Hurst was scoring a different sort of hat trick!

He went on the run for 3 months, and a huge manhunt found him living in a tent in Epping Forest.

He will never be released as he refused to express sorrow for what he had done.



Harry Roberts

INTRODUCTION.

On Saturday 30 July 1966, Geoff Hurst blasted his way into the history books, by scoring a hat trick as England beat West Germany to win the World cup. Less than two weeks later, and only a few miles down the road, Harry Maurice Roberts became a legend in his own lifetime with a few shots that far out-classed anything Hurst could offer. Alf Ramsey, the England manager, was knighted for his service to the nation. Harry Roberts got a recommended minimum 30 years. He has now been in prison nearly 40 years. He refused to say "sorry" for what he did, and therefore he became a Class War legend.

THE GLORIOUS TWELFTH

On Friday August 12th 1966, at 3.30pm, an unmarked police car with three plainclothes officers inside pulled up alongside a battered estate car in Braybrook street, a stones throw away from Wormwood Scrubs prison in West London. Inside the estate car were John Witney (the owner), John Duddy and Harry Roberts. They set out to steal a car but they'd had no joy. So they had decided to rob a rent collector instead.

THE REAL HAT-TRICK

Two policemen, temporary detective-constable Wombwell and detective sergeant Head got out of their car and walked over to question Witney. They discovered that his insurance had run out at mid-day, and that the car was neither road worthy nor taxed. They were just about to search the car when Harry Roberts, sitting in the passenger seat, whipped out a luger pistol and shot Wombwell in the head. D.S. Head turned to run and was shot in the back. Meanwhile John Duddy had run towards the cop car where he shot the driver, P.C. Fox, at point blank range. As he died, he pressed his foot down on the accelerator and managed to drive over one of the dead cops. Meanwhile, the three cop killers made good their escape.

SHIT SCARED

The first reaction among the ruling class was shock, outrage and panic. It was the first time in for more than 50 years that three cops had died in one incident. During the 1950's there had never been too much to worry about. But the generation now growing up had never been through the war, and they were not going to be fobbed off with the old appeals for "National unity". People were starting to oppose Britains support for America in the war in Vietnam. And closer to home, Britains own last colony, the six counties of Northern Ireland, was beginning to rumble ominously; it was soon to explode in an eruption that is still going on today. Meanwhile, Wilson's Labour government was desperately squeezing wages in a bid to protect profits; Workers were beginning to fight back. Worst of all, there seemed to be a general outbreak of lawlessness among the 'lower classes'. The good old days were slipping away. Mods and rockers were demanding their share of the streets in seaside towns. And the icing on the cake was the Great Train Robbery of 1963. It had fired peoples imaginations like nothing before; after all, faced with wage cuts, 2.5 million didn't seem a bad wack for a few hours work. And now three 'petty car thieves' had had the cheek to blow away three cops in broad daylight. To the ruling class anarchy seemed just around the corner.....

SEARCH AND DESTROY

The state's response was swift and brutal. Within hours a team of 200 detectives had been assigned to the case under Det. Superintendent Robert Chitty. Police and troops armed with minesweepers searched Braybrook street for bullets or spent cartridges, and roadblocks were set up around various working class districts of London as police hunted the gang. Cashing in quickly, a national fund was set up for the families of Fox, Head and Wombwell. The papers of the day made out that money poured in from all parts of the country; they told stories of tearful children all over the land walking into police stations and handing over their piggy-banks and pocket money. In actual fact, the bulk of the money came from the upper and middle classes, and the fund eventually reached nearly a quarter of a million pounds. At the same time, a permanent fund for the families of all policemen killed on duty was established; within days an anonymous donor had given a hundred thousand pounds. And one businessman even offered the police the loan of his private fleet of 5 aircraft. No prizes for guessing which class he came from. The hysteria was so great that one T.V. station was forced to apologise for

their "bad taste" in showing a pre-recorded programme on the Sunday which included "views critical of the police". Oh what a fuckin' shame..!

Within 48 hours of the murders, people were already starting to celebrate. In Nottingham city centre, Robert Murray attacked a policeman, shouting, "get shot you bastard!" When a policeman tried to arrest Murray, a woman stepped forward and hit him in the mouth with her handbag, yelling "Leave him alone"! And in West London, William O'Connell stood outside Shepherd's Bush police station (the home of the three dead cops) and taunted... "We've had three... let's have four"! He was arrested, but went down fighting.

FOR FOX SAKE

On Sunday morning the searches paid off; Witney's car was found in a Lambeth lock-up and by the evening Witney had been arrested and charged. Sunday incidentally saw the final twist in the sorry tale of P.C. Fox. Not only had he died and then driven over his colleague, but on Sunday his friend, P.C. Seager, was killed on traffic duty when a truck overturned and fell on top of him.

Witney soon grassed up his former mates, and by Wednesday a national alert was mounted as Duddy and Roberts were named and described. Duddy was arrested the next day in a crumbling tenement in his native Glasgow, and flown to London. Harry Roberts however, was still free.

I STILL HAVEN'T FOUND...

While Duddy and Whitney were being charged with the murder of the three cops, 500 police, some of them armed, were combing Epping Forest. In fact, a list of the places searched in the first ten days read like an A-Z of Britain; Barry in Glamorgan. Birmingham. Gosforth in Cumberland, Great Yarmouth, Hemel Hempstead, the Isle of Wight, Leicester, Oldham, St Ives in Cornwall, Tilbury docks, Watford and Westmorland in Cumbria. At one stage, Scotland Yard were so desperate that they even flew detectives to Ireland on an uninspired hunch.

....WHAT I'M LOOKING FOR

Savernake forest and Styne Wood in Wiltshire were both singled out for special attention, and the area around Hungerford was patrolled by an armed helicopter. Armed police repeatedly boarded trains looking for Harry Roberts, and a special watch was kept on the ports. Scotland Yard announced a reward of 1000 pounds for information leading to an arrest, and within 2 weeks there had been over 3600 "sightings" of Harry Roberts. The stench of fear was over-powering;

at the end of August a man was fined 5 pounds for putting two 16 year old lads into "a state of fear and alarm" by telling them that he was Harry Roberts.

CHITTY CHITTY BANG BANG

August also saw simultaneous memorial services for the three dead policemen. The biggest of these, at Westminster Abbey, had only one memorable moment; when the Queen's personal representative, Lord Hilton of Upton, was stopped on the way in by bouncers demanding his ticket. Meanwhile, politicians of all parties demanded the reintroduction of hanging, which they had legally abolished the year before. A Labour MP urged people who wanted action, not words, to follow his example and join the special constabulary. The union NUPE did the next best thing and gave 100 pounds to the police benevolent fund. Det. Superintendent Chitty appeared on National TV and appealed to the public, as well as to the "criminal underworld", to pass on any information they might have. Harry Roberts' mother, and then his wife, went on TV on successive nights and begged him to give himself up.... No fuckin' chance....!

BAILING OUT OF CONCRETE

The truth was that all of the thousands of reported sightings of Harry Roberts were wildly inaccurate. On the Sunday following the shootings, he calmly caught a train to Epping Forest, and then walked from there to Thorley Wood, just outside Bishops Stortford in Hertfordshire. There he built a small home underneath canvas, complete with a chest of drawers, a stove and a small oven. He lived there happily, quietly collecting newspaper cuttings about the nationwide search for him.

On Monday November 14th, more than three months after the events in Braybrook Street, 300 police combed Thotley Wood after a tip-off and discovered the home. Harry Roberts was out but he was found about a mile away the next day, asleep in a barn.

I SHOT THE SHERIFF

The trial of Witney and Duddy was in its second day when news of Harry Roberts' arrest brought it to a halt. All three were brought before the courts in December. They were each charged with the murder of three cops; with being accessories after the fact to murder; with possession of firearms with intent to commit an offence; and with being in unlawful possession of firearms. Duddy and Witney pleaded not guilty to the whole indictment, wanting to make Harry Roberts take the whole rap. Harry Roberts pleaded guilty to the murder of Head and Wombwell, but not to that of Fox. His plea was not accepted by the crown. From the start the verdict was a foregone conclusion, and on Monday December 12th all three were sentenced to life with a recommendation that they should serve a minimum of 30 years. It was "the most heinous crime that has been committed in this country for a generation or more", said Mr Justice Glyn-Jones. But then he'd never had to worry about where his next meal was coming from.

HARRY ROBERTS IS OUR FRIEND.....

For Harry Roberts, described in court as a carpenter of no fixed abode, it was the end of a long hard road that had started 30 years earlier in the working class district of Wanstead in London. Little did he know that the poor British bobby working overtime on the terraces, outside pubs and on the picket lines would soon be taunted time and time again with the immortal cry

"HARRY ROBERTS IS OUR FRIEND.... HE KILLS COPPERS..!"

But as he started his 30 year stretch, at least Harry had the knowledge that he had run rings around the combined forces of the British State. And in doing so, he'd brought a smile to the lips of a thousand faces and become a working class hero.

HARRY ROBERTS T-SHIRTS

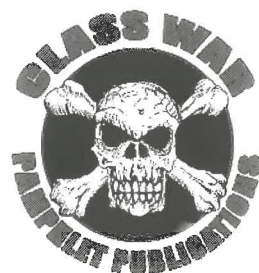
available in men's sizes
s, m, l, xxl

and women's skinny fit

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The Indomitable Gaul!

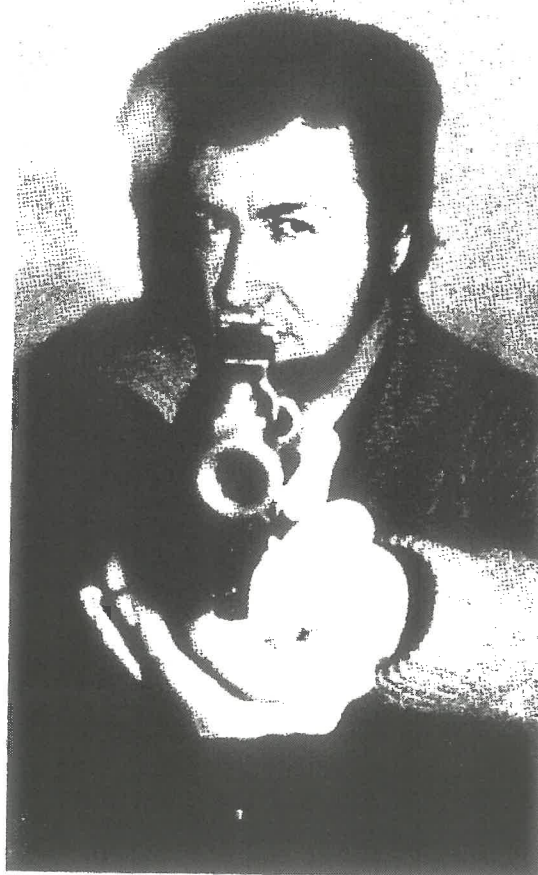
The daring and audacious publicity-hungry bank robber and kidnapper Jacques Mesrine has to be one of the all-time greatest prison escapees. In the 60s and 70s he became a folk hero in his native France, known as 'the Robin Hood of the Paris streets' for his daredevil raids and for the inability of the entire French police force to catch or hold on to him. He kidnapped and robbed the rich and powerful and even gave away some of the wealth he stole to the homeless.

Mesrine was good looking and charming, with a string of glamorous girlfriends. He was always gentlemanly, courteous and kind, even to those he was robbing or kidnapping. He liked high living, good food and wine, the best restaurants and the best clothes—often robbing banks dressed in the latest fashions. He enjoyed risk and danger but combined this with a passion for meticulous planning and military precision. He was a master of disguise, often wearing two or three wigs on top of one another for swift changes of appearance. Mesrine was constantly protesting over prison conditions and exploiting his notoriety to highlight the issue. And he put this personal hatred of incarceration into practice by escaping from prison in both France and Canada no less than four times, including both the highest security prisons in France and Canada.

On the 17th August 1969, Mesrine and his girlfriend Jeanne Schneider both escaped from Percé prison in Quebec, Canada. They were inside for attempting to kidnap Canadian grocery and textile millionaire Georges Deslauriers after he sacked them both as domestic servants.

Mesrine knew he had to escape from this little local prison before he was transferred to a bigger one. He ripped the handle off an aluminium mug and sharpened it by rubbing it against the cement wall of his cell. Using this as a weapon he captured a prison warder, stealing his keys and locking him in the cell. Jeanne had done the same thing with the warder of the women's wing, and stopping only to raid the kitchens and fill a bag with food, they fled into the woods surrounding the prison.

He was quickly recaptured by the Canadian authorities and sentenced to a total of eleven years in the 'escape-proof' maximum security wing



of the Saint Vincent de Paul prison in Laval, outside Montreal. The prison was brand new and supposed to be the most secure prison in the country. But on the 21st August 1972, Mesrine led five others in an escape.

The plan was outrageously simple. While having their morning exercise in the prison yard, they used a pair of pliers stolen from the metal workshop to cut through the three fences surrounding the exercise yard, crawling along the ground between each of the fences. The escapees then stopped two motorists on the nearest highway, commandeering their cars and then later dumping them.

However, feeling that it was unfair that he should be free while others remained incarcerated, Mesrine decided to return to the prison and free the remaining 56 prisoners in the maximum security wing. He immediately started robbing banks to raise the money he would need for the escape plan and a mere two weeks after he had escaped he returned to break out the others.

Along with some friends, he had rented several flats in Montreal under false names, stocking them with enough food for several men to be able to hide there. He had also got enough guns for there to be one weapon between every two escapees. At 2.30 in the afternoon on the 3rd September, Mesrine and his friend Jean-Paul Mercier drove up to the prison armed with sawn-off shotguns. They planned to throw pairs of wire-cutting shears and the guns over two wire fences into the exercise yard. They also had another two get-away cars with drivers parked at intervals up the road.

The escape attempt never worked out. As they drove up to the prison they discovered that since their escape two weeks earlier security had been tightened and there were now cops and armed prison guards everywhere. After a shoot-out with the cops and prison guards Mesrine and Mercier had to make a swift getaway and abandon their break-out plan.

Back in France in 1973, living on the run, Mesrine was aware that eventually he would be caught, so he arranged his escape from prison in advance. He knew when he was captured he would be tried first at the Palais de Justice in Compiègne, on the outskirts of Paris. So he explored the building and drove around the surrounding area, drawing a map. He arranged an escape plan with his friends, showing them where to park the get-away car and demonstrating the quickest route out of town. He also took them into the Palais de Justice and showed them where guns could be hidden.

On the 8th March 1973 Mesrine was eventually caught by the French police. As he was being driven to prison in an armoured van, he turned to one of the cops escorting him and said: "What do you bet me I'll be out in three months?" The cop smiled; he knew Mesrine was being taken to the highest security jail in France—the La Santé in Paris, from which no one had ever escaped.

On the 6th June, Mesrine was taken for trial at the Palais de Justice in Compiègne. All day he had been complaining of dysentery and demanding to go to the lavatory at regular intervals. While being transferred from one vehicle to another, he saw his accomplice who threw his cigarette to the ground: the agreed signal that everything was ready to go ahead as planned. At the court house he again demanded to go to the toilet. When there was no

paper in the toilets for the use of defendants he was allowed to use the lawyers' lavatories. Which of course was where the gun was hidden behind a cistern. Stuffing the gun under his belt, he returned to the trial. As he went up before the bench to answer the charges made against him, he sprang forwards and grabbed the judge, holding him at gunpoint and then using him as a human shield to manoeuvre his way out of the court. He then ran through a hail of gunfire for the get-away car that was waiting and sped off along minor roads by his pre-arranged get-away route. Twenty miles away they stole a new car and dumped the old one, making for a pre-arranged hide-out where Mesrine cracked open a bottle of champagne to celebrate: he had kept his promise and escaped within three months.

On the 28th September the police had him again; an accomplice arrested during a bank robbery had grassed him up to reduce his own sentence. Although his re-capture was a disaster for Mesrine, he typically made the best of a bad job by negotiating with the cops sent to arrest him and using the time this bought to burn all his papers, arrange his arsenal of guns and ammunition neatly on the bed, wash, dress, shave and tidy his flat, so that when he finally flung open the door, immaculately dressed and puffing on a big cigar, he was able to welcome his arch-enemy Commissaire Broussard with a glass of champagne, offering him his congratulations on having "won this round".

Mesrine knew he was either facing the guillotine or life in prison. He was sent back to La Santé where he tried unsuccessfully to get himself sent to court quickly in order to escape from the courthouse. Instead he ended up awaiting trial in jail for the whole of 1974 and 1975.

From inside La Santé in Paris, Mesrine was secretly communicating with his old accomplice Jean-Paul Mercier, back in the Saint Vincent de Paul prison near Montreal, figuring out plans for him to escape jail, rob banks, get a load of money, come to France and spring Mesrine from jail. Mercier and 4 others escaped again from Saint Vincent de Paul on 22nd October 1974 but Mercier was killed in a shoot-out with the police while robbing a bank in Montreal a mere eight days after the escape.

While awaiting trial in jail, as well as frequently writing to the press protesting over prison

conditions and giving an extensive interview to *Paris Match*, Mesrine also wrote a wildly exaggerated autobiography called *L'Instinct de Mort* (*The Killing Instinct*) in which he boasted of large numbers of murders he had never committed. The book was smuggled out of prison and published three months before his case finally came to trial in May 1977. After a typically show-stopping and totally unrepentant performance in court he was eventually sentenced to what under the circumstances must be regarded as a very lenient 20 year stretch.

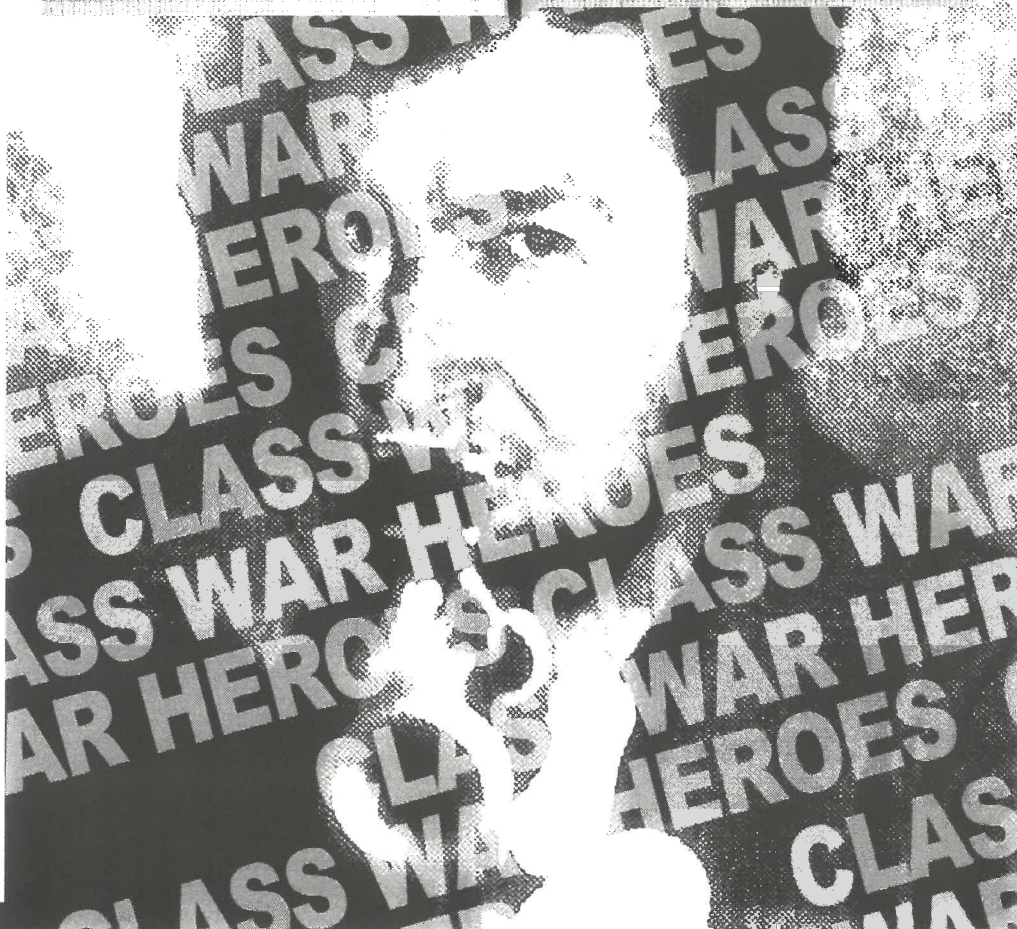
In the letters he wrote to friends from prison Mesrine talked openly of escaping. So the prison authorities at La Santé, already the highest security prison in France, built a special new maximum security wing to put him in. And then on 3rd May 1978, the governor of the prison received a call on his direct line, tipping him off that Mesrine was going to try and escape in two days' time on the 5th of May. No one took it very seriously. And indeed Mesrine did not escape on the 5th: it was raining on the 5th of May so the escape was postponed until the 8th...

After intensive study of the architecture and functioning of the prison and meticulous planning, Mesrine perfected his escape from La Santé. At 10.00am on the 8th May, Mesrine and two other prisoners escaped by using a secret cache of weapons that had been smuggled into the prison for them by a corrupt prison warder. They held up their guards, stealing their uniforms and locking them in the cells. Then they accosted a group of workmen fixing new bars on the windows of the cells and ordered them to move their ladder to the outside wall of the prison. Using a rope and grappling iron that had also been smuggled in for them, the escapees climbed over the wall and let themselves down the other side, stopping a passing car to make their getaway. By 10.25am Mesrine and his accomplice François Besse had become the first two men ever to escape from La Santé.

A mere eight days after the escape Mesrine and Besse got back to work, robbing a Paris gunsmiths for weaponry in broad daylight. As usual Mesrine had refused to run away and had simply stayed in Paris. Ten days later the pair robbed a casino.

Mesrine planned a series of revenge kidnappings: first he kidnapped a bank employee who had given evidence against him at his trial and forced him to open the bank vaults for him; then, in a one man campaign against maximum security prisons, he attempted to kidnap the judge who had sentenced him to 20 years, demanding that M. Petit would only be released if all top security wings in French prisons were closed. He said that unless they were closed he would begin to assassinate magistrates. The kidnapping of the judge went wrong but Mesrine managed to escape by running downstairs straight past the cops coming to get him and shouting "Quick! Mesrine's up there!" as he sped past them. As they all raced in the other direction he made good his escape. The one cop who did recognise him he disarmed and handcuffed to a drainpipe. This lonely ploy was only discovered later by his colleagues when they had unsurprisingly failed to find Mesrine upstairs.

After another kidnapping of a wealthy banker and industrialist, Mesrine began planning a series of even more high profile kidnappings of major political and media figures. It was while he was engaged in this task that the police he had outsmarted for so long finally caught up with him. This time they weren't going to have him escaping again. On 2nd November 1979, as he was waiting at some traffic lights, his car was ambushed and surrounded by armed police. Mesrine was shot over 20 times in an execution-style killing. He had become an embarrassment to the French government at the highest level—French President Giscard d'Estaing had told the responsible minister only days earlier, "we really have to finish Mesrine off."★



BEN HALL

Ballad of Ben Hall

Ballad of Ben Hall

*Come all Australia's sons to me,
A hero has been slain,
Butchered by cowards in his sleep
Upon the Lachlan plain.
Ah, do not stay your seemly grief
But let the tear-drops fall,
Australian hearts will always mou
The fate of Old Ben Hall.*

*He never robbed a needy man,
The records sure will show
How staunch and loyal to his mates
How manly to his foe.
No brand of Cain e'er stamped his
No widow's curse can fall:
Only the robber rich men feared
The coming of Ben Hall.*

*For ever since the good old days
Of Turpin and Duval,
The people's friends were outlaws,
And so was bold Ben Hall.
Yet savagely they murdered him,
Those coward blue-coat imps
Who only found his hiding place
From sneaking peelers' pimps.*

*Yes, savagely they murdered him;
Oh, let your tear drops fall,
For all Australia mourns today
Her bravest son, Ben Hall.
No more he'll mount his gallant
To roam the ranges high;
Poor widow's friend in poverty
Our bold Ben Hall, gone.*

*Come all Australia's sons to me,
A hero has been slain,
Butchered by cowards in his sleep
Upon the Lachlan plain.
Ah, do not stay your seemly grief
But let the tear-drops fall,
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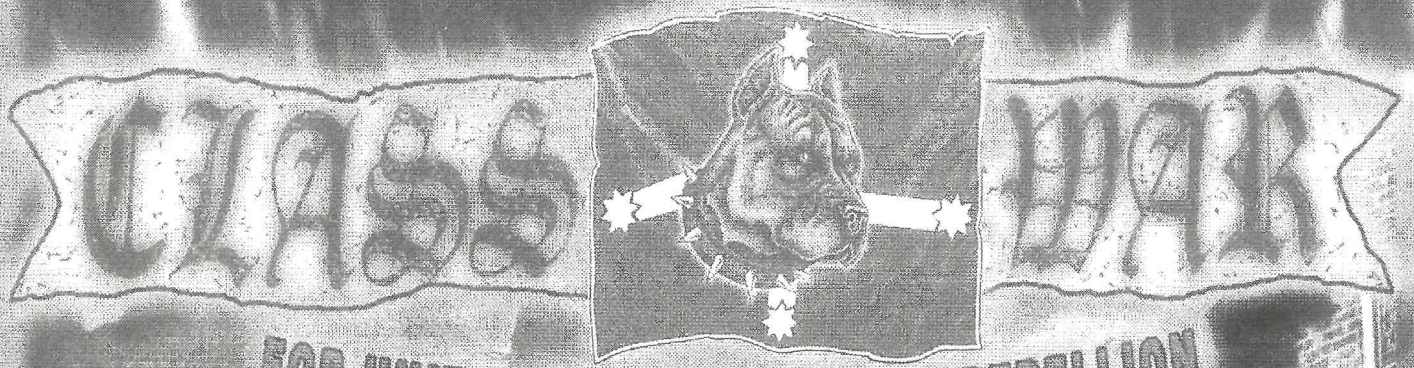
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WORKING CLASS HERO

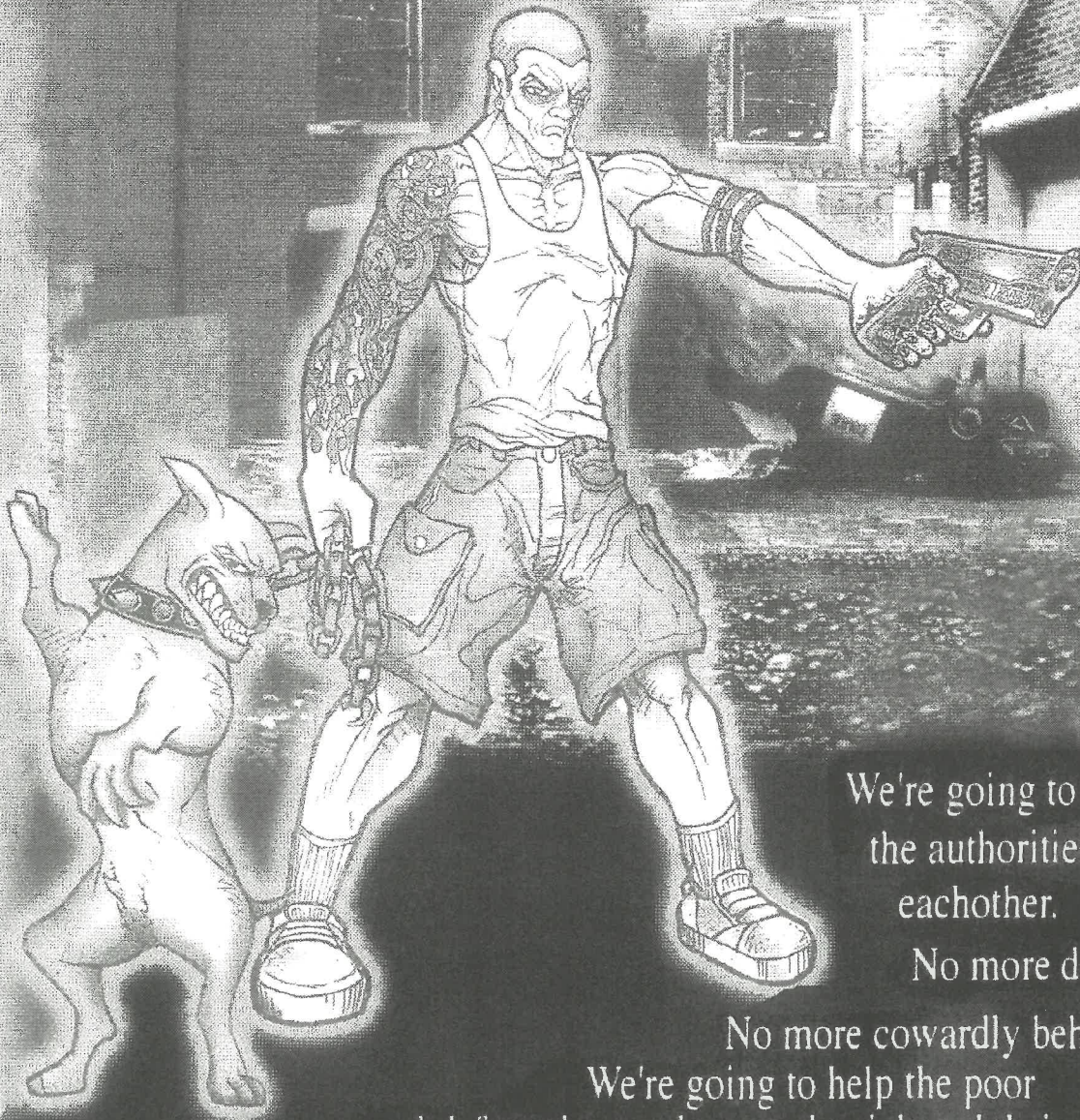
Ben Hall turned to "Bushranging" after his wife ran-off with a former policeman. He joined the Gardiner gang and became their leader. Over his few short years on the rampage, Hall committed over 600 robberies.

He never killed anyone. And there were plenty of sympathisers who shared the same view of the Bushrangers. They had no love for the system. They supplied Ben Hall with information on the whereabouts of the police, and offered them food, shelter and hid them. In turn they were given a share of whatever the gang took. Thus Ben Hall became the Australian Robin Hood, and became a folk hero. He stole from the rich, and distributed the "botty" among his supporters, his family and his friends. The tales of the "Bold Ben Hall" inspired a small boy in Beechworth, Victoria, to defend his family against injustice. That boy was Ned Kelly.

"May as well have the game as the blame"



FOR UNITY, STAUNCHNESS AND REBELLION



We're going to aim our guns at
the authorities and not at
eachother.

No more dogging.

No more cowardly behaviour.

We're going to help the poor
and defenceless and target the rich and their supporters.
we're organising a street army to fight the cops.
the rich, the judges and all the scum who help them.

This is Class War and the war is on !

CRIME

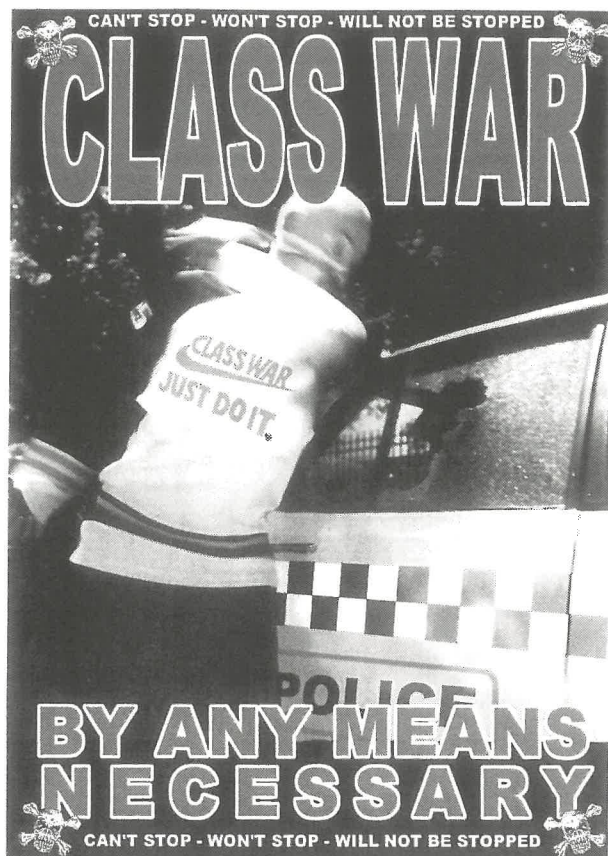
CLASS WAR STYLE



You haven't got to be another Einstein to work out that ripping off and robbing banks, the rich, and big businesses makes a lot more sense than mugging a granny for enough money to put a down payment on a kit-kat chocolate bar. And as everybody should know, robbing the old and the poor only weakens unity on our side and provides ammunition to the cops, media and all the other finger-pointers who lord it over us and just rub their dirty hands with glee when we rip each other off. They have then got more of an excuse to infiltrate, invade and monitor us, in our homes, streets, workplaces, pubs, clubs and communities. Some people have said that it is more difficult, and more of a risk to travel to the rich part of town for a midnight earn. It seems easier, they said, to rip-off the man down the street or the single mum on the 3rd floor. But life is full of such problems and choices. But some have said that this is where discipline, planning and the 'class war code' come into play. If you're just into rippin' anyone off for enough money to score a few lines of powder or some money in your pocket, then we go straight to the chase and cut each others throats now, because such short sightedness amounts to the same thing.

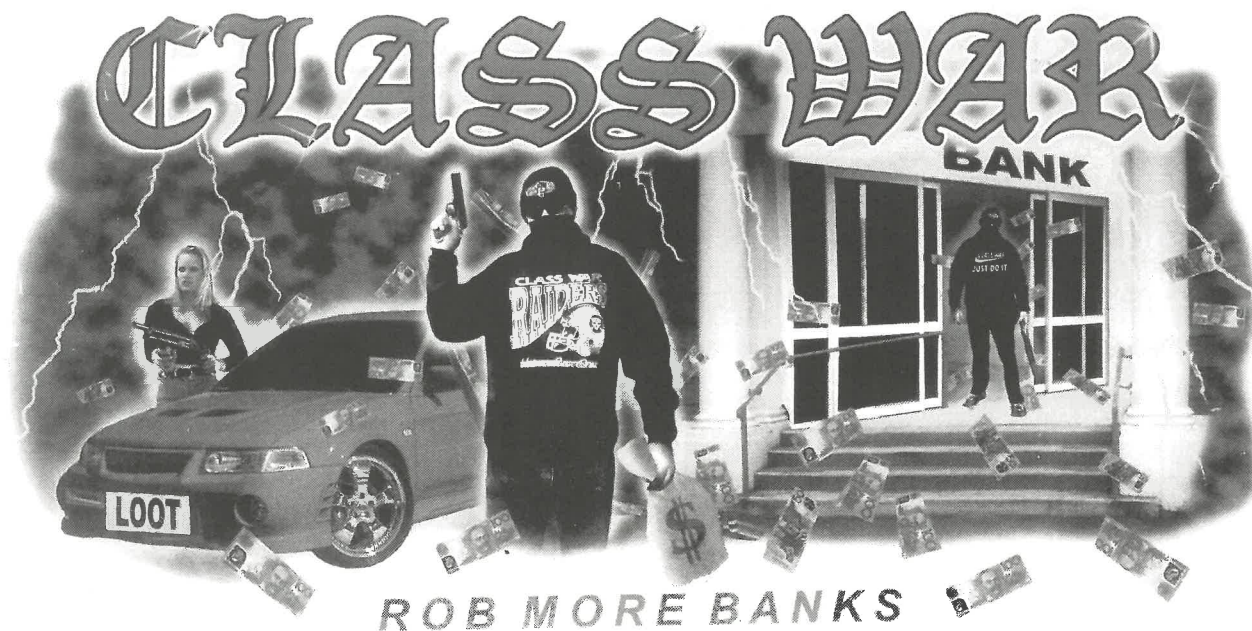
You'll NEVER see Class War sobbing away salty tears if a security van gets done over or if a rich bastard gets their bank account bleached via the internet. And, you will NEVER see Class War cry any crocodile tears if a wealthy mansion is burgled, a bank is robbed, or a suited up stockbroker type

is

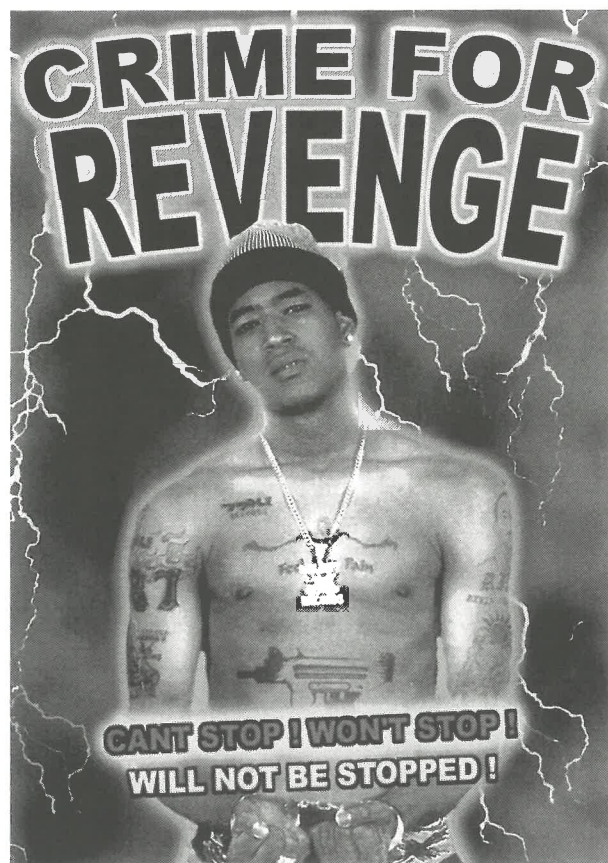


mugged, their wallet fleeced and their credit cards maxed out beyond Pluto somewhere. If we were upset by that sort of activity, we simply wouldn't be Class War, would we? We celebrate such actions. To us, they are inspiring. Recently, an article appeared in a newspaper describing the light fingered antics of a right class war crew operating in a rich suburb. In less than a month, they burgled 15 luxury mansions. Entering through the roof they lifted jewellery, T.V.'s, laptops, and all sorts to send a timely reminder to the rich that they may have their private security guards and C.C.T.V. camera's, but they are just as vulnerable, as they have always been. It lets them know how it feels to be 'violated' and have their lives jolted. WE get it everytime we are stopped and searched by the cops, everytime we are locked up, and everytime we have to sell our labour to the bosses, and keep on his good side just to keep a job. We have to let these experiences harden us- not weaken us- to authority.

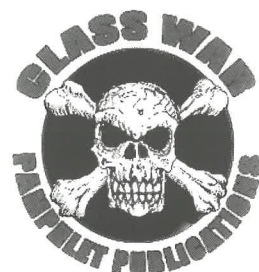
People have been researching lock-picking devices, anti-DNA detection, and alarm breaking techniques on that bible for inquiring minds; the internet. Judges and police have become very suspicious of friends using pre-arranged alibis with family and friends, to cover for themselves. One group was using football games and demonstrations and crowds as a diversion, and as a human roadblock whilst they were robbing banks.



The police now realise that organised groups are using police scanners and have researched the police code words for different situations. A recent news article stated that groups were using the proceeds from successful robberies to buy better and more sophisticated scanners, self-defence and getaway devices, and surveillance technology. On some housing estates, organised gangs were paying young people to monitor specific locations, and paying 'respectable' residents for ironclad alibis.... If there is one thing that we know for certain, it is that the essential element for survival in the concrete jungle, is to be smart and fast-not slow and dumb..... This is an US and THEM world. Always was, and until we unite and overthrow it, always will be. To make a difference in this messed up world, we've got to know who is US, and who is THEM..... US is the class of people that the media, the cops, the judges, the school teachers and prison wardens are always trying to punish, jail, weaken and divide. THEM, they are the people who do it to US. Look around and you'll see them-they do everything they can to keep us at each others throats and not theirs. There is millions more of us than them. They have to keep us divided and have to keep pushing us down to prolong this game they are playing on us..... we only have unite and stand up to them, and they will fall.



For more information about the Class War pamphlet series and about Class War, log onto www.classwarforreal.com



Ticket machines looted

By WARREN OWENS

A SYDNEY technical-college student was the leader of a group that stole more than \$42,000 from 18 railway ticket machines, a court heard last week.

It was told Danny Moss, who was on \$85 a-week unemployment benefits, had just moved to a south coast lakeside village with his girlfriend when police moved in and seized his Brock Commodore car and jet ski.

Moss was later charged with attacking State Rail ticket machines at stations from Albion Park, on the south coast, to Tuggerah, on the central coast, and west to Lapstone in the Blue Mountains, during a three-month blitz.

In one three-week period, a District Court jury heard, more than \$35,000 was stolen from ticket machines at 10 stations in a series of raids after midnight.

Moss, 23, of Doonside, in Sydney's west, has pleaded not guilty to damaging ticket ma-

chines at 17 stations, stealing a machine from one station and theft from 13 stations during early 1998.

Some charges alleged two stations had been attacked and robbed in a single night, between about midnight and 3am.

Parts from three ticket machines were found in Eastern Creek, behind Moss's home.

Prosecutor Priscilla Adey said four young men from the Doonside area had claimed they were recruited by Moss to raid railway ticket machines.

Ms Adey said Moss claimed he had merely driven people to the robbery sites, but this had "put him in the heart of the action" for some of the raids.

Moss told police he had driven two mates, named Gavigan and Williams, to Emu Plains, Kingswood, Toongabbie, Macarthur, Carlingford, Dundas, St Leonards and Thornleigh stations, and on one occasion was paid \$600 from a bag of cash.

The trial continues.



**\$1.5m HOLD-UP
IN 40 SECONDS**

INCREASE YOUR CHANCES CROWBAR THE POKIES

Gang raids pokies twice in 48 hours

The three thieves removed a window pane about 2am.

More than \$1000 was taken from 12 machines, which had been left open, ironically to prevent thieves breaking their locks.

Bazooka raid

GANGSTERS armed with M-16 and Kalashnikov rifles used a bazooka to blow open the doors of an armoured van and then escaped with \$5.78 million, just a few hundred metres from a police station in Nanterre, near Paris, yesterday.

Police warn of ram-raid copycats

POLICE fear more than one gang is responsible for a series of ram-raids on designer retailers.

Last week's robbery at a Gucci store in central Sydney came after ram-raids on a Louis Vuitton retailer and Paddington jeans boutique Tsubi.

Senior Constable Gordon Sharrock, of The Rocks police, said ram-raiders used the same methods but tended to copy one another so more than one gang could be involved.

"Police are trying to establish who exactly is receiving the goods and where they're being sold: at markets, pubs, in the city or interstate," Const Sharrock said.

"It's possible, as we've seen in the past, that goods are being stolen to order."

Constable Sharrock worked on Strike Force Arriflex, which investigated 150 robberies of luxury businesses in 2003.

Investigators in that operation found many of the stolen goods were being smuggled to, and sold in, south-east Asia.

Police investigations into last Tuesday's \$100,000 robbery at Gucci's George Street outlet are

being hampered by the "appalling" quality of closed-circuit TV footage seized from the store.

"We are hopeful street footage from Sydney City Council cameras will be of more use," Detective Sergeant Stuart Gair said.

The footage shows the raiders speeding off in a yellow Subaru WRX, pursued by police who had disturbed them in mid-robbery.

"Criminals prefer WRXs because they are quick and nimble around the city streets and very hard for police to catch," Constable Sharrock said.

Ram-raids are notoriously difficult crimes to solve because the robbers' smash-and-grab meth-



Hard to solve: The Gucci raid

Russian hacker robs US bank

NEW YORK: A Wall St bank fell victim to a \$2.8m fraud after a Russian computer hacker removed money from corporate accounts.

The alleged fraud was carried out by a 24-year-old mathematics graduate using a computer in his St Petersburg office, claim US authorities.

Bazooka raid

GANGSTERS armed with M-16 and Kalashnikov rifles used a bazooka to blow open the doors of an armoured van and then escaped with \$5.78 million, just a few hundred metres from a police station in Nanterre, near Paris, yesterday.

SIX hours after he parked his car the owner returned to find it a half-stripped skeleton.

The Sydney man's BMW 330ci, worth \$120,000, was stripped of more than \$25,000 worth of parts as it sat parked in a leafy Woollahra street between 11.30pm and 5.30am.

Hundreds of aluminium barrels a year are stolen from local pubs. Throughout the country the number is about 50,000.

Once stolen they are melted down into ingots and sold.

LOOT SHOPPING MALLS

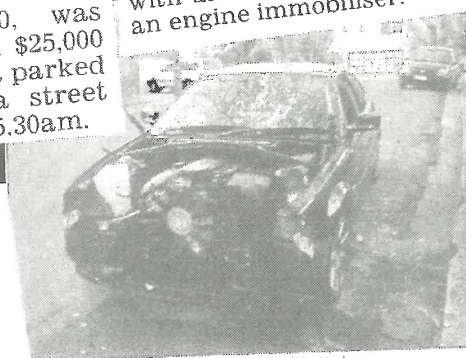
YOU KNOW IT MAKES CENTS



The thieves broke the driver's window to reach the lever that pops the bonnet.

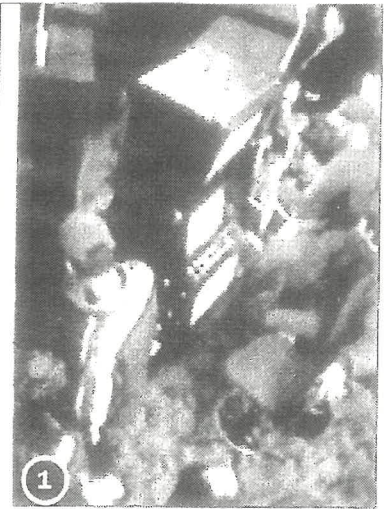
They then took the car apart — taking the bonnet, bumper bar, lights, radiator, air conditioning unit and engine parts.

The BMW was not installed with an alarm because it had an engine immobiliser.



Stripped ... the guilty BMW 330ci yesterday

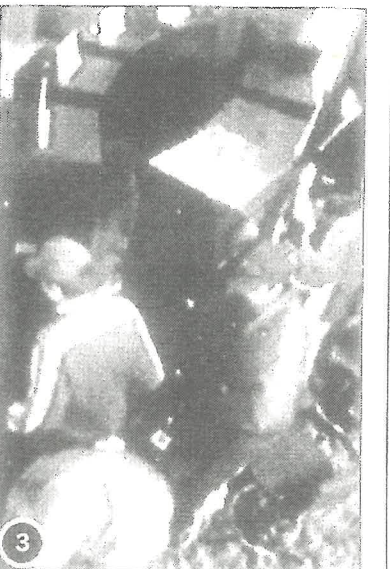
THE ONLY WAY TO SOLVE THE POKIE PROBLEM



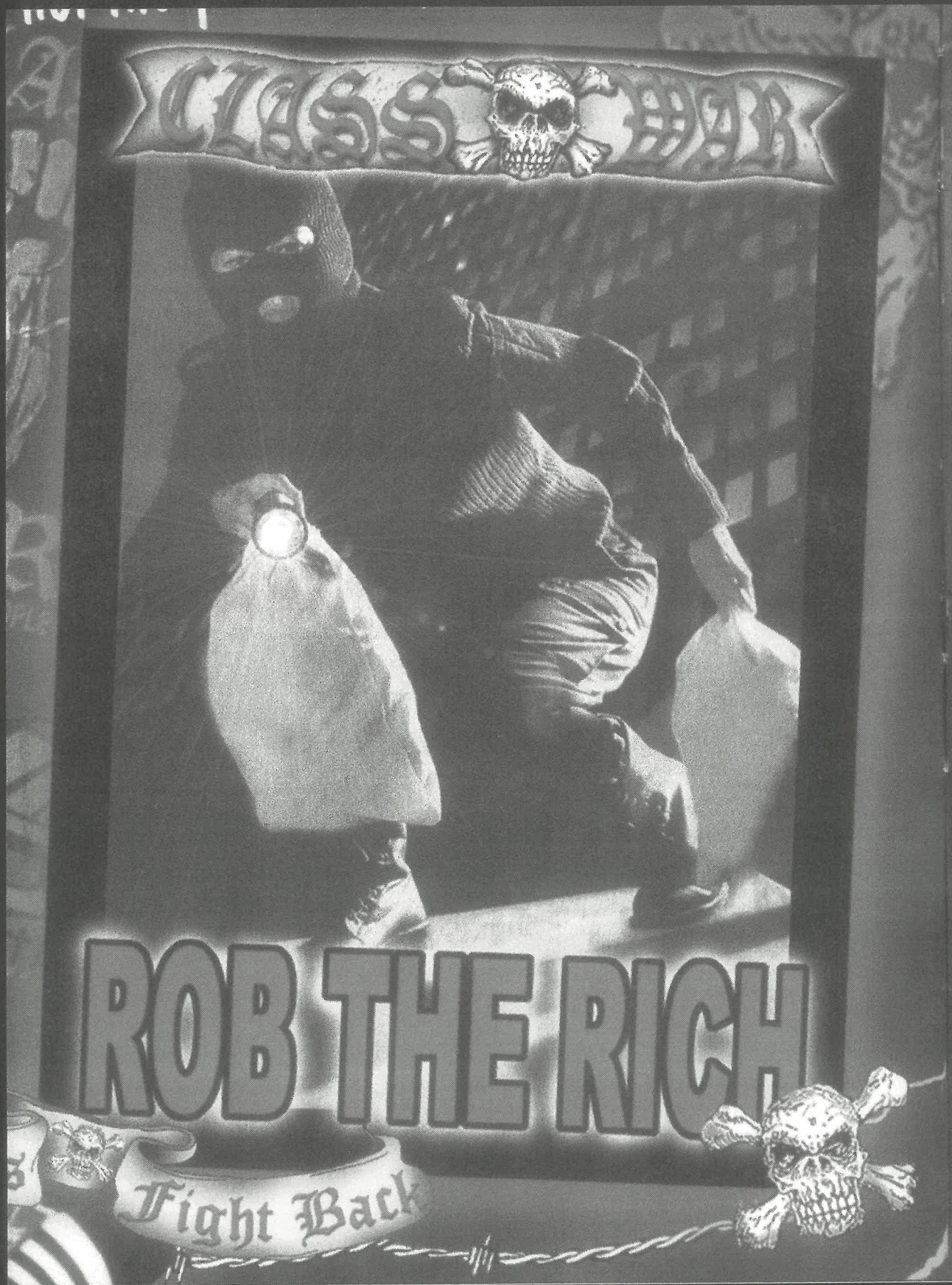
The four thieves enter the hotel, one distracts other players and another pretends to play. Two others keep a lookout



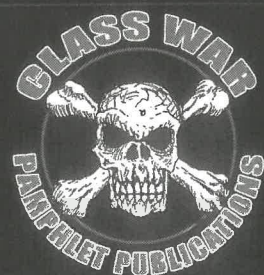
The machine is switched off at the wall, jemmied and the thief pretending to play removes the cashbox from the front

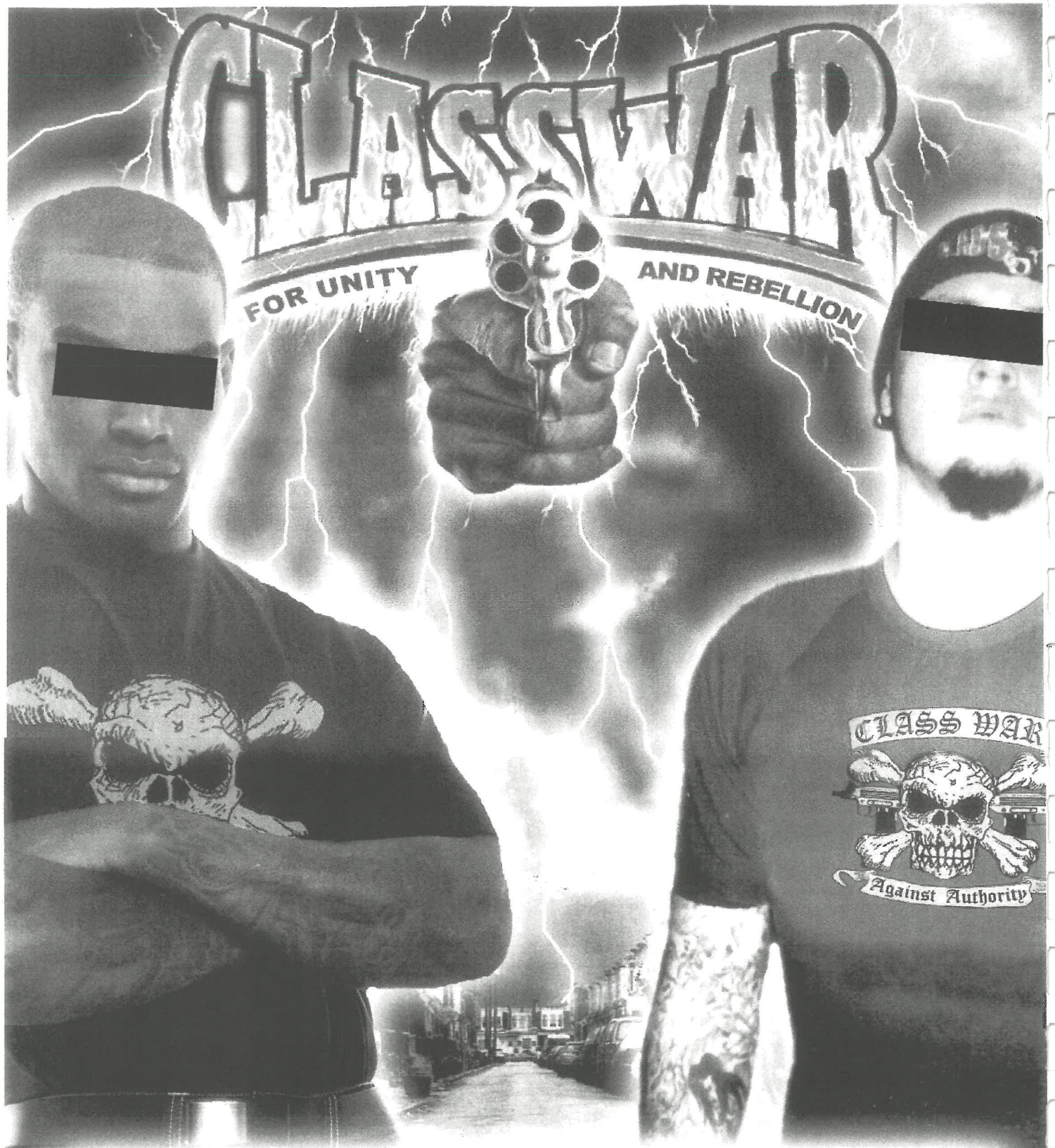


The second thief then places the cashbox inside his jacket and all four leave the hotel. Staff and other players remain unaware



Crime as Resistance





Class War is rebellion and unity.

We've got to stick together to fight back.

We are Asian, white and black. We are the same class.
We have to learn to fight together and not against each other.
Our class is the same, our enemy is the same - the rich and
those who serve and protect their shit. Fight the class war.

ONE LAW FOR THEM

ANOTHER LAW FOR US

CLASS WAR

US AND
THEM US
AND THEM
US AND
THEM US
AND THEM
US AND
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US AND
THEM US
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US AND THEM

**THIS IS HOW
THE RICH LIVE**

[illegible][illegible]

THIS IS HOW SOME SURVIVE

THEM US AND THEM US AND
THEM US AND THEM US
AND THEM US AND THEM
US AND THEM US AND
THEM S AND THEM US
AND THEM US AND THEM
US AND THEM US AND US



In this world there is a dividing line between the people with power and money, and the people who have little money, and therefore they lack the power that money can buy. The people who have money and the power that money can buy, are not made vulnerable and desperate by any surprise bills in the letter box. These people have the power to buy an expensive lawyer for a court case and so, they can buy justice in a court of Law. They, with their money, can use a Private Hospital when they are sick, and never have to wait in a line for treatment. And when they receive help, it is the best that money can buy. They can afford the best of foods. They can send their children to Private schools, where they can meet others of similar wealth and power. They can afford to own many homes and so never have to face the threat of eviction or forced movement. They holiday when and where they choose. Their money has bought them immunity from financial vulnerability. They own the T.V. stations that trick us into thinking how they want us to think. They own the radio stations whose talk-back hosts always point the blame at us for society's wrongs, who do their best to keep us divided, so we are easier to control. They own the advertising companies who attempt to brain wash us into thinking that we can buy things to attain happiness and security. They own the places we aren't allowed to go. They own the banks that hold us by the throat. They own the police that enforce their laws. They own the judges that punish us for breaking their rules. They are the ones who make the laws to keep us in a position that can not threaten their power. They own the sporting teams that were originally owned by the communities they represented. They are always working to weaken and divide our collective strengths at work, in the community and everywhere else - because they know that a weak and divided people are much easier to control. They'll never have to wait in a hospital queue. They live in luxury homes and never go without. They'll never have to use a legal aid solicitor. They'll never face the horror of evictions, cut-offs, or having to borrow to survive. They will never know what it is like to have to go without. They are never cold in winter or roasting in summer - their homes, just like their lives, are artificially comfortable. Their lives are of expensive restaurants, glamour and jewels. They don't keep this country on its feet - they just ride on its back. They want us at each others throats so they can keep in their position

of privilege. If they can control us, then we are not a threat to them. They want to control what we can and can't do. They want to control our entertainment - control what we see and what we listen to. They want us to have role models and heroes who are not rebellious or confrontational. They want everyone watching their T.V., listening to their radio stations, learning what they want you to learn, and ultimately, being what they want you to be. And they want us to be this way because when we are, we are under their control. And that is their power - to have us under their control. This arrangement is for their benefit only -

so they can enjoy the best of everything that money can buy, and we spend our one and only life on our knees to them. We are still slaves to the bosses, to the banks, to the landlords and to all the people who benefit from us being kept weak, insecure, vulnerable and divided.

We want to encourage people to recognise the people who control us and to realise that their power is only the power that money has provided them. There is a much greater power out there.

And that power is the power of us not conforming to their arrangement. And getting up and saying no. Everytime we rebel against them, we increase our power. It is important to realise this. Anything that strengthens us and weakens them is beneficial to us. Our greatest asset is our natural instinct to rebel, to look after our families and friends, and to back each other up.

They want us dobbling on each other and turning our backs on one another. They don't want us feeling strong and secure because that is a threat to them. Our power is the power of unity and the strength we draw from the act of rebellion. It is a real power; a power that they do not want us to rediscover. Remember, their power is only the power that their money has bought them. It is not the real power you gain by rising up against adversity. Their power over us is maintained by the lie that they are better than us because they have more money, better cars, bigger homes and a private school education. This is their hold on us. To break that hold, we have to realise the power of unity and the act of rebellion. And, as individuals, as groups, and as communities, we must stop competing for a few more crumbs tossed from the table, get up from our knees, and take the table, the kitchen and the whole fucking house.

Planet Point Piper verges on class war

When a blank envelope arrived unannounced under their front door, the tenants feared the worse. Had their non-stop partying finally got too much for the neighbourhood?

For much of this year banker Ian Simpson and his many mates have been whooping it up big time in a multi-million-dollar Point Piper mansion, right next door to Frank Lowy and directly across the road from Rene Rivkin.

Simpson and two of his mates struck it lucky when a house in Australia's most costly street (where the average house price is \$7.3 million) came on the market at a greatly reduced rate. Rental market, that is.

In January Trump Tower residents Andrew Banks and his wife, Andrea, paid about \$14 million for two adjoining Wolseley Road homes. As Banks, of Morgan and Banks headhunting fame, intends to demolish his new acquisitions to make way for a suitable edifice, Banks style, the young lads have been renting one of the soon-to-be dust piles.

Figuring that this would probably be their only shot at living in such salubrious digs, the lodgers took every opportunity to share their good fortune, and views, with as many

friends as possible. "We naturally assumed that our neighbours might get a little upset at our continual festivities and would let us know in due course that we should tone things down," Simpson said.

And soon their fears materialised. It was a night when our revellers were actually enjoying some down time in the shack, when the envelope in question was slipped under the door. But, much to their surprise, it was not the noise that had impelled a Point Piper type to pick up the pen but rather their lack of care for the three-square-metre grass strip in front of the house.

The anonymous letter read exactly as follows, brackets included: "Every-one knows that there are people who own properties in Wolseley Road and (that there are) people who rent properties, here. We, who know these things, understand that there are two classes of people in this world - people like us and people like that."

"You fall into this second category."

"Frankly, given the status of this environment, it does not, according to people like us, allow you renters to leave the front of their RENTED properties like this."

"If you have any class, apart from the fact that you have a rental property in this street, we are letting you know

that it is not appropriate that you leave the grass in front of your (rented) property, like this."

"This is what we neighbours believe. Bluntly said, clean up the verges and get Wolseley Road looking like it should."

Others in the street with much tidier verges than those belonging to the

lower renting class include Lachlan Murdoch and Sarah O'Hare, designer Charlie Brown, Bob Ell's ex, Barbara, property developer Nati Stoliar, barrister Sylvia Emmett and her husband, Federal Court judge Arthur.

Needless to say, our non-lawn-mowing renters have moved on from Planet Point Piper.

CLASS WAR TOP PEOPLE



WE'LL GIVE 'EM A RISE

CLASS WAR DIVIDING LINE WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?

Wealth gap ever wider

SYDNEY'S rich aren't just getting richer, they're living longer than people less wealthy and that gap is now widening throughout NSW, new data reveals.

The confidential NSW Health and Equity Statement paints a startling and politically embarrassing picture of a growing gap in the health status of the state's rich and poor.

While death rates have fallen by 53 per cent for wealthy males, they have fallen by only 44 per cent for males who are financially disadvantaged.

For females, death rates have fallen by 45 per cent in the least disadvantaged groups and only by 37 per cent in those most disadvantaged.

Overall, death rates for the poorest people in NSW were equal to those experienced by the richest a decade ago.

In 1980, the premature death rate in the lowest socio-economic group was 24 per cent higher for females and 30 per cent higher for males than in the highest group.

ONE LAW FOR THEM

If you fear there's one legal system for the rich

THIS is the man at the centre of the bail for sale furore - seen for the first time with a security guard.

Millionaire suspected sex offender Dar-time with a security guard. Millionaire suspected sex offender Dar-time with a security guard.

Gillies is accused of 12 counts of sexual assault and two counts of recording videos for sexual gratification after allegedly filming himself having sex with an unconscious woman.

He is also charged with attempted sexual assault and an indecent assault.

Gillies, a finance broker and property developer, has an estimated worth of around \$11 million.

His assets include a number of properties and an ocean-going luxury yacht.

200km/h

But rich teenager will pay just \$56

A BUSINESS tycoon's teenage son escaped conviction despite being twice clocked driving his BMW at 200km/h down the F3 expressway north of Sydney in May.

Driver Anton Andreus von Faber-Castell, 17, escaped conviction and still has his licence - despite pleading guilty in court last week to driving the sedan at dangerous speed while on his P-plates.

Instead, he was placed on a 12-month good behaviour bond after the court heard evidence that the car was designed to be driven with safety at high speeds on German autobahns.

The young scion of the world-famous German pencil manufacturing family, which traces its ancestry back to the 9th century, was ordered to pay \$56 court costs.

His driving offence carries maximum penalties of a \$2200 fine, nine months' jail and licence disqualification of three years.

A P-plate driver is restricted by law to driving at a maximum speed of 90km/h in his or her first year on the road.

Legal history of leniency

Millionaire ed man John Singleton escaped conviction and loss of licence in 1997 while driving his Bentley at 160km/h along a 110km/h freeway.

Annita Keating, ex-wife of former PM Paul Keating, escaped without penalty in '98 after driving 110km/h in an 80km/h zone - her first traffic offence in 28 years

Lady Sonia McMahon, socialite widow of former PM Sir William McMahon, escaped with a good behaviour bond after driving home with a .15 blood alcohol content.

Class War on the Streets

Battlers denied health benefits

AUSTRALIA'S lowest-paid workers can no longer gain access to the Health Care Card, intended to provide discounts on essential services including health care, public transport and electricity.

Shop assistants and hospitality workers, officially the lowest paid people in the country, no longer qualify for the Health Care Card because — on \$684 a week before tax — the Federal Government says they earn too much.

Even a single person receiving the minimum wage of \$448 a week no longer qualifies for the card.

Over the past seven years, the income level at which Australians can use the card has lagged behind rising wages and a more expensive cost of living.

Income thresholds to qualify for the health care card have risen just 14 per cent in the past seven years.

Meanwhile, the average wage has soared by 27 per cent and the cost of living has risen 17 per cent over the same period.

The Health Care Card provides access to cheap medicines and health care services.

It is also linked to discounts on public transport, water rates, electricity bills, education fees, car registration and even stamp duty on modestly priced homes.

But Australians today must be significantly poorer to qualify for the card than when Prime Minister John Howard was first elected in 1996.

Opposition family and community services spokesman Wayne Swan said the loss of the Health Care Card had created more struggling families.

"These battling families are working hard to keep heads above water, and this Government is a lead weight to them," Mr Swan said.

"They face incentive-sapping marginal tax rates of more than 60 cents in each extra dollar they earn, and now the Government is stripping them of the vitally important Health Care Card,"

A couple with two children can earn up to \$32,604 — just 68 per cent of the average wage — before they are ruled ineligible for the Health Care Card.

Eight years ago, the cut-off point was \$28,000, or 80 per cent of the average wage



❑ The average full-time worker earns about \$47,000 a year while the average CEO has an annual salary of \$1.35 million

Welfare break for rich

MORE than 30,000 wealthy people will be allowed to continue to use tax loopholes to claim social security.

The Federal Government crack down on the wealthy welfare recipients for an estimated \$12 million in savings.

But a new means test which would have stopped the practice will not be imposed for another two years.

The Government boasted when it brought down the Budget in May that it would stop wealthy people, especially retirees, divesting their assets in trusts and private company structures then claiming pension

The current mean test excludes such assets from calculations

The Opposition said the delay in introducing the new means test showed the Government was imposing different standards on Australians depending on their wealth.

"The taxpayer-funded break to the 30,000 wealthy Australians stands in stark contrast to the treatment meted out to the

474,435 job-seekers who had breached penalties applied to them last year," Opposition community services spokesman Wayne Swan said.

"This Government is strong on the weak but weak on the strong."

A Government discussion paper said a most hair of the 30,000 people currently with assets held in trusts and companies would have their payments cancelled and the rest would have them reduced.

"While many of these private companies and trusts no doubt were established for other reasons, once created these structures can be used for 'social security pu-

"There is evidence trusts in particular, and perhaps some companies, being created specifically to gain a social security advantage

Under existing rules, a home-owning couple can have \$387,500 in assets, excluding the home, before they lose all their entitlements.

Mr Swan said the delay in introducing the new means test was giving the affected people notice to find a new loophole.

which side are you on?

☐ **Award** workers are guaranteed a minimum redundancy payment of 8 weeks' pay while CEO golden handshakes range from \$7 million to \$30 million

Boss gets \$5m for each month at BHP

Millionaire John Singleton drove his Bentley down the Hume Highway at 160km/h. In court yesterday he was not fined, nor did he lose his licence. In fact he wasn't even convicted.

Fight Back

Us Against Them

licence. In fact he wasn't even convicted.

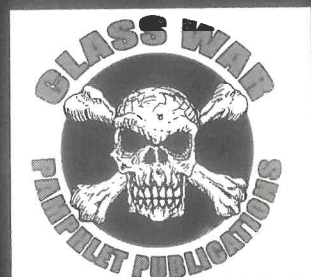
THEM AND US THEM AND

THIS IS CLASS WAR



...AND THE WAR IS ON!

CLASSWAR



THIS IS CLASS WAR.....AND THE WAR IS ON !

Class War is the fight back against authority. Every insult, fist, bullet and thrown brick-every piece of well aimed graffiti, every class conscious crime-every riot, sabotage and direct action aimed at those who try to break our spirit of rebellion and unity is 100% Class War.

Our aim is to encourage rebellion and unity at school, in the streets, in prisons, at sport and at work. We want a total take over of everything by the people in society who are treated like shit-yet who build, create, make and look after everything. We want a total revolution-

Can't Stop - Won't Stop

an uprising against the rich and all those who support and serve them.

We draw our inspiration from rebels past and present, who fought the system in their own way and made their mark; People who threw the rule book out the window and stuck a finger or two up at the rich, the government, convention and the law. Everyone from criminals to sportstars; revolutionaries to rockers and rappers; rioters to poets and actors; workers to people on the dole. Our aim is to encourage the wild side in all of us. We want rebellion. And most of all, we want unity and organisation.

Class War is as much a celebration of rebellion and unity, as it is a celebration of our different culture to that of the rich and the suckers who support and admire them.

Every successful bankrobbery, jail-break and crime against the rich is inspiration to us. Every movie that shows and promotes the underdog and the underclass culture of rebellion.; every song that attacks the cops and the government; every action against the big end of town urges us on further. It is petrol in our engine. It is our intention to introduce to our supporters the real scumbags in society; who they are, where they live, and what they get up to, and what kind of car they drive. We'll provide these bastards with a spotlight with a differ-

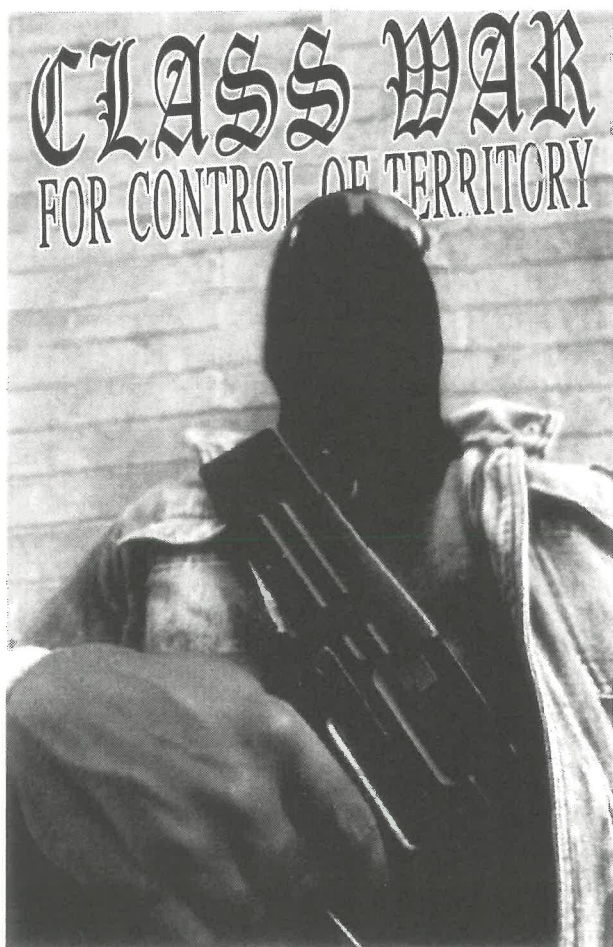
ence-for the first time an organisation that has the guts and interests of the underdog at heart. For the first time an organisation that does NOT encourage the hero worship of millionaires, politicians, coppers and dobbers-but the targeting of them.

Will Not Be Stopped

Also, Class War will be repeating the incredible tactics that the media has shown were used in successful actions worldwide; whether it be lock-picking and shoplifting techniques that people have used, to the tactics employed by youths on housing estates who, the media has said, lured cops and authorities onto the estates and ambushed them. We will recount these stories as they were printed in the papers in Northern Ireland, and Los Angeles. There will be also eyewitness accounts from people who were there. This will be an open discussion with input from people worldwide; whether it be the rioters, streetfighters and hooligans from Europe; the day to day street culture and tactics of the people of the slums of Rio De Janeiro, Brazil; Kingston, Jamaica; South Bronx, New York City; Belfast, Northern Ireland or Berlin, Germany. The people that live there-the squatters, the ghetto hustlers, the anarchists, the street gangs-they will be the ones giving the take on matters on the streets.

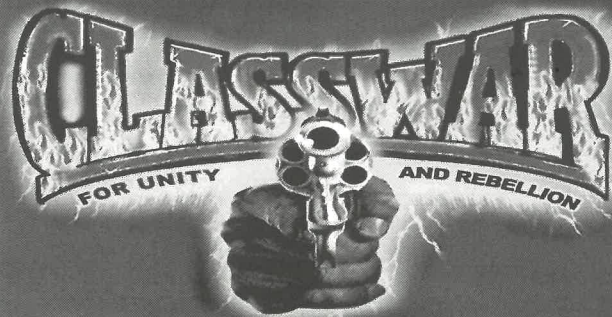
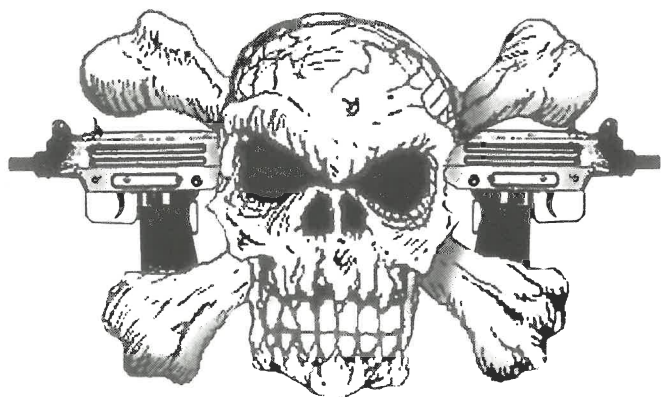
Class War will be a 24-7 open forum for these people. and their supporters. These people,





will be detailing the tactics and methods of survival they use where they live, and the way in which they seek to control their territory. By tuning into Class War you will read how these people reverse crimp guns to make them fully automatic; the latest shoplifting techniques; how the rioters make their petrol bombs; how to counterfeit everything from clothes to money; how to hook up your phones and electricity so you don't have to pay for them; how they rob banks; and how they take expensive cars. All provided from the media of the world for you to read about.

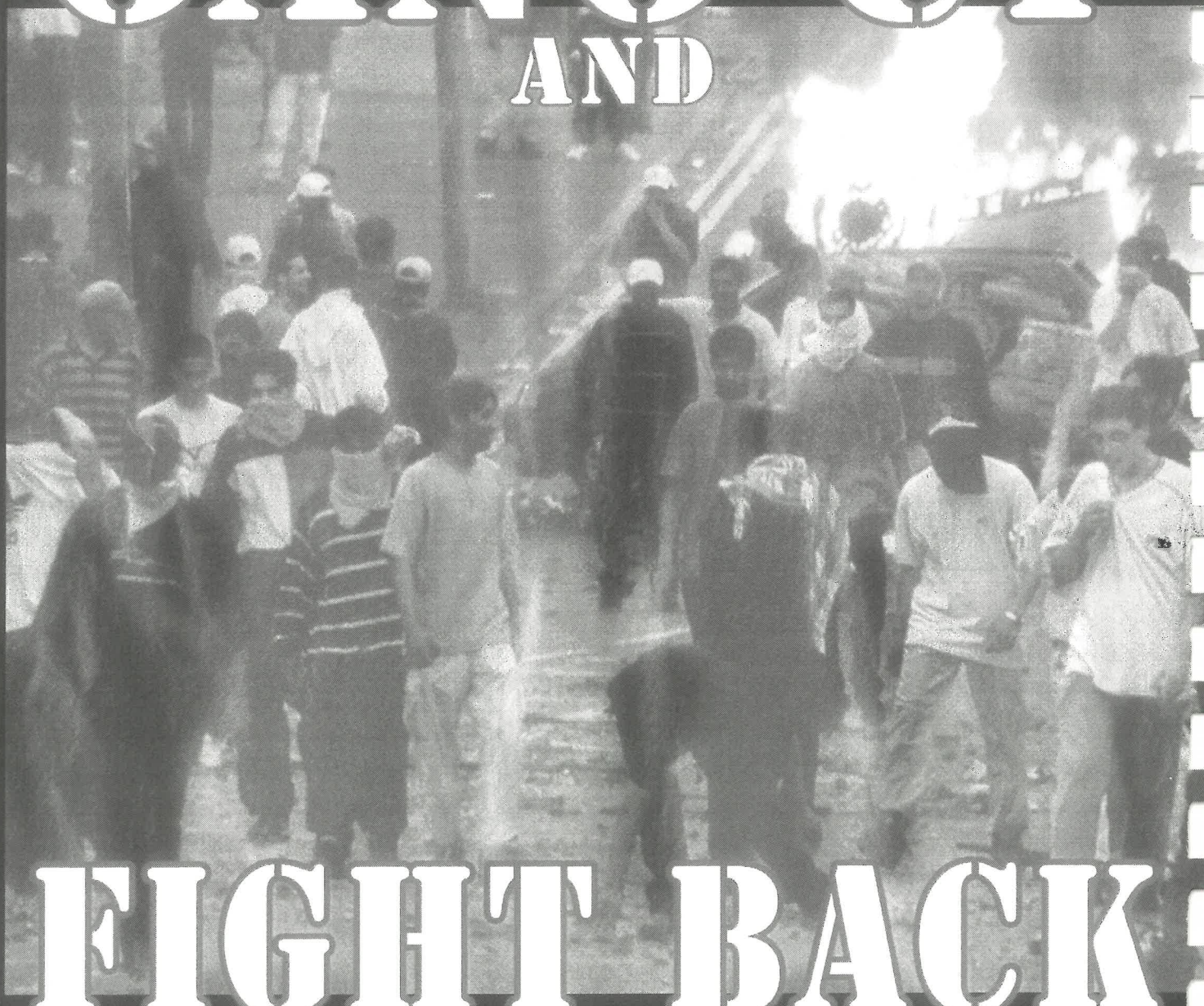
This is the Class War culture of rebellion.
We are the new breed- and our time has come...!



So what does worry the rich and powerful who are fast destroying our world? What does shatter this comfortable little arrangement of theirs? People working together, thinking for themselves in a non compromising way, , real communication ... angry youths on the street with nothing to lose



GANG UP AND



FIGHT BACK

THE NEW CLASS WAR IS BEYOND POLITICAL IDEOLOGY.

IT IS THE DAILY STRUGGLE OF A CLASS THAT LIVES AND FIGHTS ON ITS OWN TERMS-THE WAY IT WANTS -WHEN IT WANTS-BY ANY MEANS IT CONSIDERS NECESSARY. OUR DAILY STRUGGLE IS AN UNDECLARED WAR. AND OUR BATTLE IS FOR CONTROL AND FREEDOM; CONTROL OF OUR IMMEDIATE SURROUNDINGS AND LIVES, AND THE FREEDOM TO LIVE OUR LIVES FEELING SECURE AND LOVED.

THERE ARE NO RULES TO US BUT A CODE: DON'T FUCK WITH YOUR OWN. THE OFFICIAL LAWS OF THIS LUNATIC ASYLUM CALLED SOCIETY MEAN NOTHING TO US. WE CARVE OUT OUR OWN EXISTANCE AND MAKE CHALLENGES TO THEIR AUTHORITY AND CONTROL WHEN WE FEEL CONFIDENT ENOUGH TO HIT, RUN AND GET AWAY WITH IT. YOUR TEACHERS, YOUR POLITICIANS, YOUR COPS AND YOUR MEDIA TAUGHT US THAT THE END JUSTIFIES THE MEANS. NOW WE WILL TURN THIS AGAINST YOU.

THE END IS US TAKING CONTROL OF OUR AREAS-THE MEANS -ANYTHING AT OUR DISPOSAL.

THERE WON'T BE ANY LETTERS TO PARLIAMENT OR COUNCIL; NO COMPLAINING; NO WHINGING-JUST 100% ACTION. RAMRAIDS, RIOTS AND REVENGE...THE WILD ANIMALS ARE BREAKING OUT OF THE ZOO, AND WE'RE WRECKING IT ON OUR WAY OUT THE GATE.

WE ARE THE UNGOVERNABLE CLASS, AND AT THE BEGINNING OF THE 21ST CENTURY-OUR TIME HAS COME.



This is Australia, a country where the majority are ruled, controlled and stamped upon by a small minority. Since they bought us here 200 odd years ago, they have bled us dry.

They have misdirected our passion, stifled our imagination, controlled and consumerised our pleasure, bastardised our relationships, stupified our life education, neutralised our true desires and sold them back to us as commodities-consumer items-in such a permanent tidal wave flow that we can never get our feet back on the ground, and see things clearly as they really are.

They have obliterated our love and trust for one another; their nightmare thrives upon insecurity and competition. They have offered us our dreams-but always with a pricetag we can't afford; Promised us liberation and freedom but imprisoned us in a uncaring looney bin lit up with technicolour to disguise the bleak grey cell walls. It's no use trying to escape this gaol called 'society', for its walls and controls are everywhere. We've got to change it.

And to change it, we've got to use as weapon all that they are desperately trying to extinguish-namely rebellion, resistance, unity, love, trust, community, collectiveness and anger.

To take the fight to them and win, we've got to attack instead of retreat, fight them rather than each other, unite rather than further divide, inspire and organise not demoralise and surrender.

No one will do it for us; We are the ones who must make the effort to take back our lives from slow death via work-T.V.-and quick fix culture. They want us all nailed up inside our little fortresses of insecurity whilst they trap us in our little rooms with T.V. images of the dangerous world out there.

They are keeping us isolated from one another by bombarding us with images of the perfect body; the perfect house; the perfect job; and the futile nightmare existence of those who 'choose' to live differently, or in any way, have different role models and goals to those of their official program. What they are desperately trying to crush and eliminate from the human experience, is rebellion and resistant community spirit.

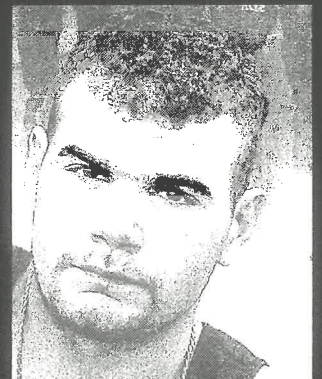
Our only chance to stop us becoming androids who work-buy; consume-die, is to break out and LIVE. To refuse the conformity of a plastic existence-to rebel every step of the way. To communicate and resuscitate real resistant community spirit. To re-open the communication line-switch off the T.V.-express our true feelings-let all the love and hate trapped in our hearts flow outwards rather than fester inside. The choice we have to dare to make is between the stagnant existence of programmed living robots which we live now and which will only worsen in the future or to step into the real world and let the blood course through your numbed veins and senses again and put our lives and our future back on the evolutionary path by rebelling and struggling-loving and living an existence of fellowship with each other. We can't allow ourselves to exist in a vacuum of competition and fear.

We must rebel. Our choice is of living a real life or rotting in the compost heap of 21st century consumer society. Make the choice-take up the challenge.....Fight the system.

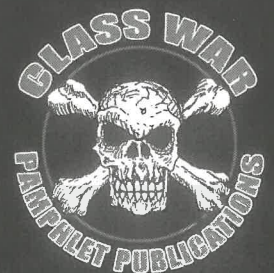
MACQUARIE FIELDS



“ the myth of one big happy family Australia was successfully blown to bits...”



“ They see themselves outside the mainstream because they have no trust in authority”



Returning The Serve

Macquarie Fields,
Sydney-Australia,2005.

The slow burning fuse that is the streets of Sydney ignited a powder keg of anger, resentment and class hatred in the sort of suburb you won't be visiting in tonites episode of "Neybores".

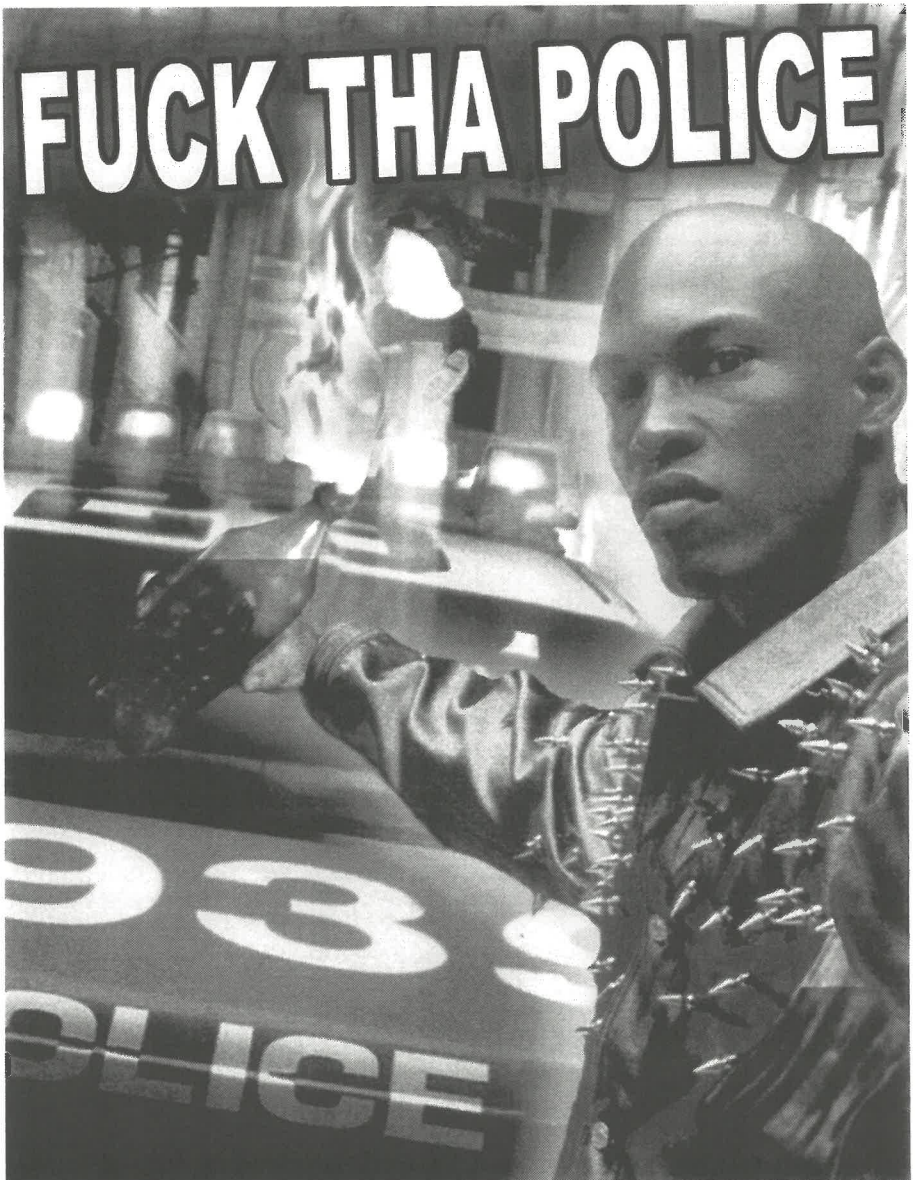
Beginning on Sunday, February 16th 2004 in Redfern, and finally exploding on the housing estates of Macquarie Fields in February 2005. The myth of one big,happy family Australia was successfully blown to bits thanx to the determined efforts of youths and families not to allow the injustice of Police Murderers, and the endless flow of media lies to continue.

In between, youths in Cronulla took on the forces of law and order on Australia Day 2005 (January 31st) when hundreds of youths fought bravely against police invading a community celebration. Then on Sunday March 6th,150 youths

responded to the treacherous arm of the law by fighting cops on the streets of Darling Harbour, smack-bang in the middle of Sydney's jewel-in-the-crown,city centre. The fuse has been burning in a thousand Aussie suburbs and towns for years now. Housing estates and towns sprawled from coast to coast have been contesting the right of an outside force - the cops-to enter their areas and ram the justice of the rich man, with his judges, prosecutors, media and jails, down the throats of families that are being blamed for everything and praised for nothing.

In these housing estates, a genuine culture of rebellion has developed into anti-authority communities. Why should the families of youths welcome cops with open arms, when the only time they are seen is when they are throwing some unlucky soul into the back of a police wagon or railroading family members into jails? And equally, why should these people listen to the whinging and whinning orders from a society that doesn't give a fuck about them? The answer is a simple one - they

don't have to, and won't. They don't and won't accept the law and order of an outside force - the cops. The youths who bravely fought for their families and community in Redfern, Inner Sydney, Cronulla and Macquarie Fields - are true working class heroes, and nothing less. Fuck the well off scum who called for longer jail terms for anyone who fights back. Fuck their plastic smiles and pathetic front of legality and honesty - hiding the putrid lie rotting at their core. And fuck the cops who protect these people and the pathetic lying scumbags at the top. This is the raw voice of the streets and here is how Sydney, Australia put itself on the map, when the youths of Macquarie Fields decided to return the serve! On Friday, 25th February,a car in which some young people were travelling was chased by the police and 'rammed' off the road and into a tree; the cops were responsible for killing two young men - Matt Robertson and Dylan Rayward. These two young men were popular and loved



members of the Mac. Fields community, and their deaths left the taste of bitterness, and the lust for revenge and justice in their families, friends, loved ones and community.

As a crowd of local people surrounded the crash site in Eucayptus Drive, Mac.Fields, the first taunts and threats were exchanged. At first, the cops were nervous but confident that this collision between authority and the youths of Mac.Fields would be limited, like so many occasions before, to threats, abuse and intimidation....They were wrong....The very next night at 11pm, the first missiles were launched in the battle of Mac.Fields. Rocks, bottles, a burning mattress, shopping trollies and golf balls - all thrown from a metre away from their targets! This was no drunken mob - we are talking about youths from 8 years old and up - male and female, AND their parents. All screaming insults at the cops and cheering the assault on. This cross section of the community - more than anything else - is the reason the media, police and government were terrified, and why they spent so much time and money to appease, imprison and divide the community to their own ends. Other than that, they wouldn't spend a cent on Mac. Fields.

The riot was totally spontaneous and the police retreated, then called in the tactical response group for back up. By the time these meatheads arrived, the riot was losing its momentum, as it was very late Sunday morning.

The word was passed around the streets, that a more organised riot was needed to exact some justice upon the murderers in blue. All day, people made molotov cocktails and built stockpiles of ammunition. As soon as night descended upon the streets of Mac. Fields-war was declared on the forces of Law, legal murder and injustice. It started easy enough; the cops were cruising all day in riot vans waiting for an eruption; pushing and stopping and searching young people in the streets. Little did they know that preparations had been made to even the score. These fuckin' idiot cops didn't bother to think that the people they had killed-had families and friends. They also must think that the people of Mac. Fields were as stupid as those puppets on "Nay-bores". The police raided several homes around Eucalyptus Drive, arresting those THEY accused of being ring leaders in the riot and were met with insults and missiles in the 3rd and 4th nights of rioting. The roads and walls were covered in anti-police graffiti. And live on T.V., the brother of

Matt, young Aaron, declared his families hatred of the police-by calling for a bullet for everyone of them!! Thereby etching his name into the ranks of Aussie working class heroes.

The police chased rioters up dead end streets and into housing estates where they were lost amid a series of bolt holes; This was the rioters territory-not the cops-and the cops had molotovs and

bins and bricks thrown at them by the dozen. About 30 cops were injured during the 4 days of rioting. And politicians of all maggot parties jumped over each other to support the cops....but when asked if they would venture the streets of Mac.Fields-all refused, claiming all sorts of pathetic excuses.

The riot also launched one of the biggest man hunts in a long time-for the ALLEGED driver of the car in which the young men died. The cops reckoned that Jesse Kelly was the driver-even though it took them a week to work out that they had him in custody after the nights rioting-and they let him go. A T.V. crew even interviewed him and put it on prime time T.V. without even knowing he was the alleged driver. A classic case of how stupid the media can be as Jesse Kelly was at this point the most wanted in Australia. The news crews also interviewed a local Mac.Fields resident, a young man, who, live on T.V., said things that were not in the best interests of local people, the rioter, or the grieving families of the deceased. It is alleged by the cops, that Jesse Kelly returned and bashed this man senseless for being a "dog". Whoever did bash this man, well, they had the support of most residents, so it was only a crime in the eyes of the cops, and as we all know, that is THEIR law and order, not OURS. Jesse Kelly gave himself up after 2 weeks on the run. The cops charged him with riot, assault & affray. He had a lot of support and is being compared to that other Aussie legend, 'Ned Kelly', for his staunchness to his mates and his strength and love for his family.





It also has to be said at this point, that a lot of people were raided and charged with riot, affray and assaulting the police on the strength of police video footage of the riots. Unfortunately, a lot of people didn't wear masks, caps, hooded tops or balaclavas. So their DNA was all over bottles, bricks, shopping trolleys etc. This in itself, presents a massive problem for the future of fighting back.

The police maintained a presence on the streets of Macquarie Fields on a level similar to Northern Ireland or Palestine for a month. Riot vans and cop buses cruised the streets filming everyone on the streets. It has also become apparent, that during the nights that followed the rioting, the police and private security firms working with the cops installed hidden cameras and listening devices in numerous areas where people were known to hang. People's phones were tapped and it wasn't uncommon to see a couple of homes being raided by machine gun carrying psycho-cops, during broad daylight, at the same time. Macquarie Fields was now a community under siege,

and fully occupied by the dirty cops. But still the youths maintained an aggressive stance to authority. There was no retreat and no surrender to the cops. It has been said that it is a shame that other areas close by, such as Claymore, Ingleburn and Minto didn't riot at the same time as Macquarie Fields, as it would have divided the cops and therefore weakened their forces. These areas

are under similar pressure to Macquarie Fields. Other areas were waiting for it all to go down, such as Maroubra, Greenacre, Cronulla, Redfern—all started to prepare themselves. The media, under the careful guidance of the government, and all their judges, social workers, prison guards and the rich scum they represent—stepped in to divide the

Macquarie Fields community between "hoodlums" and residents; rioters and "honest citizens". They went out of their way to blame Class War for trying to recruit a street army amongst the youth in the area, and thus inflame the situation. The media knew they could not leave Macquarie Fields people united against the cops—they had to divide them in order to conquer and tame their aggressive voice. The media campaign was relentless with a tidal wave of talk-back radio hosts and current affairs shows doing everything they could to ridicule and divide. The leftwing of political wet-blankets were either silent or backed N.S.W. Labour leaders congratulating every riot cop on a "job well done". The right wing simply re-ran that tired old "hang 'em and flog 'em slogan". They blamed the breakdown of law and order on multi-culturalism—total garbage as the fightback was started by white Australians and then participated in by all nationalities.

As the smoke clears in Macquarie Fields and the graffiti is removed, the cops and the scum they work for are terrified—they know that there are thousands of Macquarie Fields out there. And they know valuable lessons were learnt by the streetfighters of Macquarie Fields—some of them painful—but lessons all the same. All those charged are getting legal support and are digging in for another fight. They have their families, loved ones, friends and community behind them. They did not back down....never could - never would.

To the streetfighters of Macquarie Fields, and the housing estates of Sydney-Australia, and the rest of the world; the blood that scorches through our veins is one. It is riotous, rebellious and strong. It will prevail. It will be there in all future generations, as the fight for control of our territory continues.

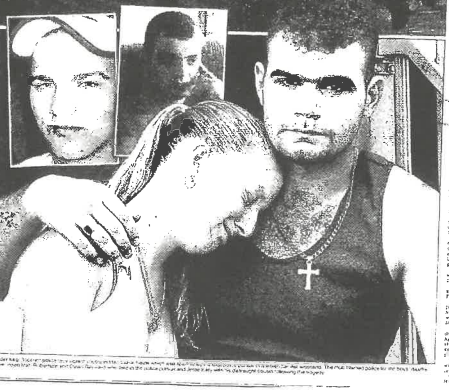
Where crime is just a way of life

Continued from previous page

At Macquarie Fields, police have been unable to establish a link between the two deaths and the recent shooting of a young man in the same area. The police are still looking for the man who shot the young man in the street. The police are still looking for the man who shot the young man in the street.

They see themselves outside the mainstream because they have no trust in authority. These boys support each other - they have nothing else

The police are still looking for the man who shot the young man in the street. The police are still looking for the man who shot the young man in the street. The police are still looking for the man who shot the young man in the street.



Police shot and killed a young man in Macquarie Fields. The police are still looking for the man who shot the young man in the street.

Upholding law on the front-line

Saturday interview

Chief Inspector Mark Higgins contrived the vigilante at Macquarie Fields this week, reports **ROGER COOMBS**



Police shot and killed a young man in Macquarie Fields. The police are still looking for the man who shot the young man in the street.

When I was asked to write this article, I was told that the police were looking for a man who shot a young man in the street. The police are still looking for the man who shot the young man in the street.

The police are still looking for the man who shot the young man in the street. The police are still looking for the man who shot the young man in the street. The police are still looking for the man who shot the young man in the street.

We must learn from each other; our tactics,our techniques and strategies.
This is a war - nothing less.
Sometimes it is all an out street fight-but most of the time it is a daily battle of wits;of ducking and diving; of hitting out then quickly retreating.
The people that live here know that.
If we learn and work together - we can win....forward into battle.

True story of the KELLY GANG

By Rhett Watson and Brad Clifton

I was a friendship born of poverty and petty crime in the housing estates of Sydney's south west. According to those who knew of the close bond between Jesse Kelly and Matt Robertson, it could have ended only one way. Today, Kelly, 20, is a man on the run - a fugitive from both the police and his own past.

Last Friday he was the driver of a stolen car that crashed into a tree in Macquarie Drive, Macquarie Fields during a police pursuit.

Kelly died after the crash, leaving Robertson and another friend, Dylan Hayward, in the car.

The incident sparked wild scenes in the community as angry locals blamed police for the deaths of two of their own. Four nights of rioting, ending with a massive police operation and numerous arrests, have thrust the poverty-stricken suburb into the national spot light. In the hours after the crash, Kelly resurfaced briefly and even allowed himself to be photographed among a group of grieving friends.

But he is now in hiding and according to his family and friends, is struggling to come to grips with the situation.

As police search for Kelly, his friends and family reveal his bond with Robertson and his devastation at playing a role in his mate's death.

Like many young residents of the area, Kelly and Robertson were products of broken families.

From an early age, the streets became their haven from a violent home life and they sought shelter with those who were experiencing the same problems. It was here, amid the carnage of failed marriages and domestic violence, that Kelly and Robertson formed their friendship. The pair had been through a lot in their relatively short time as best mates.

In September 2003 Robertson was serving time in a juvenile detention centre when tragically struck Kelly.

The newborn child of Kelly and his partner, Melissa Bailey, had died shortly after birth.

The incident affected Robertson so much authorities let him leave detention for the day to attend the baby's funeral - in handcuffs. Clutching a pair of white gloves in his shackled hands, Robertson released them to mark his mate's loss.

Continued next page

For more information about the Class War pamphlet series and about Class War, log onto www.classwarforreal.com



— THE REDFERN RIOTS —



Family version

■ On Saturday morning Thomas leaves his aunt's place on Wellington St, Waterloo on his bike to go buy cigarettes

■ Three witnesses claim to see him a short time later being pursued by police

■ In his bid to escape he falls off his bike and is impaled on a metal fence

Police version

■ About 11.15am police in a patrol car are told to look for an Aboriginal youth following an assault on a woman at Redfern railway station five hours earlier

■ They drive past Thomas on his bike but don't stop because he doesn't fit the description of the offender they are looking for

■ They then drive around the block where a man flags them down and says he saw a kid on a bike flying around the corner

■ Police continue to patrol the area and stumble across Thomas impaled on the metal fence (pictured) in Phillip St, Waterloo

■ They frantically try to save the 17-year-old until an ambulance arrives

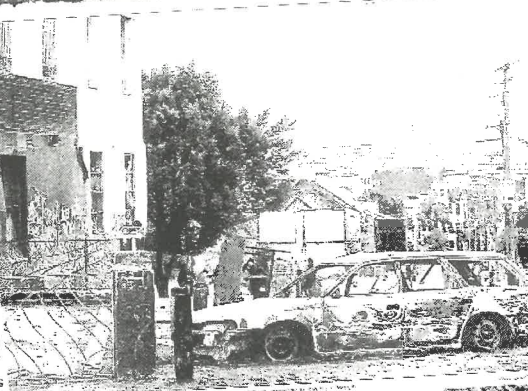
Barricades, bottles, bricks and defiance



REDFERN ERUPTS



Face-off... at the height of the riots



Suburb in barricades: stand-off in the streets

During the night Redfern railway station was torched and a nearby car set alight as a distraction while firebombs from fireworks were shot into police lines.

Molotov cocktails and firebombs crashed against police shields and lines.

This level of organisation we have never experienced before," Mr Waite conceded.

They were almost being marshalled about and at one stage were directed behind police lines. Earlier they were collecting bottles and bricks for a fight, there was no other reason.

Mr Waite said negotiators would be sent in and it would appear the violence could be quelled but then the organisers would send them "youths" back up to the battle lines, as it were.

"Clearly there was nothing spontaneous about this it was fairly well orchestrated from the start.

On Monday morning about 40 officers were battered, beaten and bruised. One officer was in hospital yesterday after being hit in the head by a brick.

Police said they had identified the riot's ring leaders but were still gathering evidence. Wheelie bins used as ammunition dumps remained on the streets yesterday as the whisper went round of new battle plans being drawn for the next showdown.

Yesterday: Thomas dies

4pm: Redfern residents begin placing posters criticising police; gangs pelt passing cars with rocks and bottles

6pm: Trains hit by missiles

9.04pm: Police post a "signal one" alert, officers in trouble

9.10pm: Police ask CityRail to prevent trains stopping at Redfern

9.46pm: Five police officers hurt by missiles

10pm: Fire brigade set up around police security lines after fears Redfern railway station will be set alight

10.06pm: Car torched

10.45pm: Riot squad deployed

Midnight: Police attempt to outflank group and are driven back

Today 12.15am: High powered light used to confuse group

12.40am: Police advance on mob and driven back

1.45am: Several police officers injured

2am: Three fire hoses used on crowd punctured by broken glass

WITHIN hours of Thomas Hickey's death, youths were already collecting wheelie bins from homes across Redfern and lining them up at one end of Eveleigh St.

They then set about getting bottles and bricks and other solid objects that littered the inner Sydney suburb and put them in bins and recycling tubs.

Bricks and paving stones were also piled in a heap by the side of the road.

This was no street-cleaning program. It was a preparation for Sunday's war.

"We are going to get the cops tonight," youths told residents as they set about gathering ammunition.

Same then began putting up posters claiming police had killed the 17-year-old, who died after falling off his bike and being impaled on a metal fence earlier on Saturday.

"The flyers — which proclaim police were chasing the youth when he crashed his bike — were distributed widely, raising tensions.

By the time the first police patrol came to the area, the stage was set and a group of residents had gathered to watch.

Police say it was not an ambush but a forced showdown.

One young officer, who declined to be named and has been in the force for less than a year, was sent to the scene which he compared with the Gaza Strip.

"It was the scariest day of my life. I honestly thought I was going to die," he told *The Daily Telegraph* yesterday.

"A lot of the police were very scared, because we just didn't have the experience."

There were probationary constables who had only been out since December standing next to us getting hammered.

"They were calling in cops from everywhere, from Woollahurst. There were cops coming in from Camden, all sorts of places."

"They just handed us a shield and a helmet and sent us in."

"We had bottles being thrown at us. There were pieces of houses being thrown at us. I was standing in Eveleigh St and a whole heap of them (rioters) were in behind a car and they were chucking huge rocks at us, screaming and swearing."

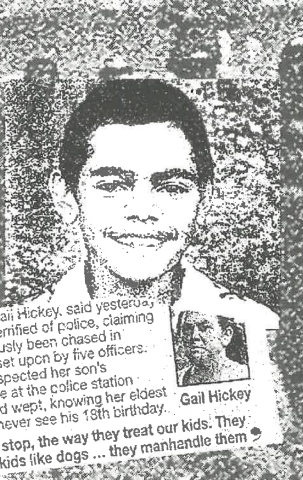
"They were very organised. They had shopping trolleys filled with rocks and bottles or into the middle of Lawson St so they didn't have to keep going back in retail. They were just flying crazy."

Indigenous Social Justice Association president Ray Jackson, a friend of the dead youth's mother, yesterday accused the police of provocation. "One report I got was that the police were smiling and sniggering," Mr Jackson told radio.

It was common knowledge that there was going to be a problem as soon as it got dark. A 17-year-old boy has been killed there are question marks all over the police involvement in that death, and to provoke the local people by driving up and down the street during the Sunday afternoon has only led to the circumstances of last night.

Mr Jackson condemned the actions of the rioting youths as "stupid" but said the actions of police also had to be scrutinised.

"I can have one fatal copper, for want of a better word, they are protected by their brother and sister officers — they are not pointed out as being overzealous or racist."



Thomas Hickey

T.J.'s mother, Gail Hickey, said yesterday her son was terrified of police, claiming he had previously been chased in Redfern and set upon by five officers.

Ms Hickey inspected her son's damaged bike at the police station yesterday and wept, knowing her eldest child would never see his 18th birthday.

Gail Hickey

It's got to stop, the way they treat our kids. They treat our kids like dogs... they manhandle them

Posters put up of 'wanted' police

By SCOTT JENKINS

ANGRY Redfern residents have started a campaign against the police officers they say were responsible for the death of Thomas "TJ" Hickey.

Mock wanted posters, put up all over Redfern yesterday, accused police of being "child killers" and warn they should not be approached because they are armed.

The posters feature pictures of two high-profile senior officers, and an unidentified junior officer.

The posters were taped to power poles and stuck up around the Redfern railway station in the late afternoon.

Soon after the posters went up, tensions began to rise in the inner-city suburb.

The posters were created after resident "frustration" over their attempts to have what they see as the truth come out.

Redfern Police held a press conference yesterday and denied the teenager was pursued by police.



One of the posters yesterday

Fury explodes over teen's death

The riot squad arrived in a reinforced truck and began unloading their shields, helmets, protective riot vests and specially padded gloves.

A line of approximately 30 police in full riot gear stood side-by-side across Lawson St, separated from the angry mob by less than 50m.

A further group of 20 police stood behind the riot squad.

Further behind them, a row of firefighters clutching fire extinguishers stood ready.

Screaming obscenities at police, the mob — now made up of men, women and children — hurled flaming projectiles into the path of trains as they passed through the station.

Lawson St became a smoky haze as angry groups gathered around crude bonfires.

The crowd moved in and out of houses, some of the younger members were seen riding scooters.

The stretch of road between the police and the angry mob was strewn with shards of glass, rocks and rubbish.

Residents of apartment blocks overlooking the scene crowded onto their balconies to witness the stand-off.

Behind the police, at least six fire engines and several ambulance trucks blocked Gibbons St.

Throughout the evening, members of the crowd moved forward to speak to police.

The violence escalated when police tried to surround the mob by moving through the railway station.

As the police attempted the ruse, they were spotted by the gang who began pelting them with rocks and glass as the police tried to climb the station stairs.

Several youths climbed onto the windows of the railway station, smashing the glass with their bare hands and screaming in anger.

The police retreated to a safe distance and the crowd moved back, several of them nursing wounds to their hands.

From Page 1

spearing burning garbage bins into police lines.

Fire brigade officers attempting to extinguish the fires were pelted with bottles and bricks.

Some rioters were bowling heavy items overarm at police.

The riots were sparked by the death of a teenager who was

impaled on a metal fence on Saturday afternoon in what police said was a tragic but freak

accident. But his mother said

being chased by police just before

he came off his bike and was

impaled on the rods of the fence

in inner-city Waterloo.

Thomas, 17, died in Sydney

Children's Hospital early yesterday of chest, neck and internal

injuries.

Police held a press conference

yesterday to deny officers were

pursuing Thomas at the time of

the accident but posters began to

appear around the suburb, calling

them "murderers".

His mother Gail Hickey speaking

early today said she planned to

go to a lawyer today with a

witness claiming to have seen

police chasing her son.

The stand-off began shortly

after 9pm and for several hours

police tried to negotiate with the

group, who were shouting "child

killers" and "murderers".

Redfern railway station had to

be closed to the public after pro-

jectiles were thrown at trains.

The station was being guarded by

riot squad officers last night.

Police officers sent out a "signal

one" priority call at 9.04pm after

being pelted with bottles, rocks

and bricks in Lawson St.

At 9.10pm, police asked Rail

Corp to prevent trains from stop-

ping at the station because of

fears for passenger safety.

At 9.46pm, an ambulance was

called to treat five police officers

injured by flying projectiles. Two

officers were taken to hospital.

At 10pm, fire brigade officers

began setting up behind protec-

tive police lines while coming

under fire from projectiles. At

10.08pm, rioters torched a car.

Late last night, the fire brigade

focused a high-beam light into

Lawson St to confuse the rioters

and hamper their vision.

Extra police were called to con-

trol a crowd of observers, some of

whom had become unruly.

All duty officers within the

metropolitan area were called to

the scene to help local officers.

The stand-off continued until

12.30pm, when riot police charged

the group after a barrage of

bottles and bricks were thrown.

Yesterday: Thomas dies

4pm: Redfern residents

begin placing posters

criticising police; gangs

pelt passing cars with

rocks and bottles

6pm: Trains hit by missiles

9.04pm: Police post a

"signal one" alert,

officers in trouble

9.10pm: Police ask

CityRail to prevent trains

stopping at Redfern

9.46pm: Five police

officers hurt by missiles

10pm: Fire brigade set

up behind police security

lines after fears Redfern

railway station will be

set alight

10.08pm: Car torched

10.45pm: Riot squad

deployed

Midnight: Police attempt

to outflank group and are

driven back

Today 12.15am: High

powered light used to

confuse group

12.40am: Police advance

on mob and driven back

1.45am: Several police

officers injured

2am: Three fire hoses

used on crowd punctured

by broken glass

Almost every resident interviewed by *The Daily Telegraph* yesterday described the police as murderers. "Wanted" posters still were being taped to power poles, featuring a photograph of three uniformed police under the heading "Child Murderers".

Thomas's mother, Gail, who has six daughters and has lost her only son, epitomised the anger of the community. "These dogs up here did it," she said of the police. "The police f...ing killed my son."

One of her daughters made the same point. As a burnt-out car was towed away behind her, the girl, in her early teens, swept ashes and glass from the ground and sprayed "Redfern cops are child-killers" in capital letters on the Eveleigh St bitumen.

She repeatedly shouted the name of one of the police present when her brother died, screaming: "He killed my brother. That mother-f...er killed my brother."

And she pointed over Lawson St to the pockmarked Redfern railway station, where half-a-dozen police kept vigil in front of the broken windows yesterday morning, screamed abuse and gave them the finger.

Far from denouncing or downplaying the riot, many Redfern residents yesterday hailed it a success.

About 150 residents gathered at 10am in Pemulwuy Park named after the Eora warrior who was caught and beheaded in 1802 by the British after staging a guerrilla war against the colonists.

Community activist Lyall Munro urged Aboriginals in towns such as Walgett and Dubbo and Aboriginal inmates throughout the prison system to rise up in solidarity with their "brothers" in Redfern.

"A stand had to be taken and it was taken by some very brave young people," he said of the riot, to strong applause from the crowd.

"A stand was taken by our young people last night. It's completely freaked the country out. As for the question of condoning violence — violence begets violence, and if that's the only way to save our kids, so be it."

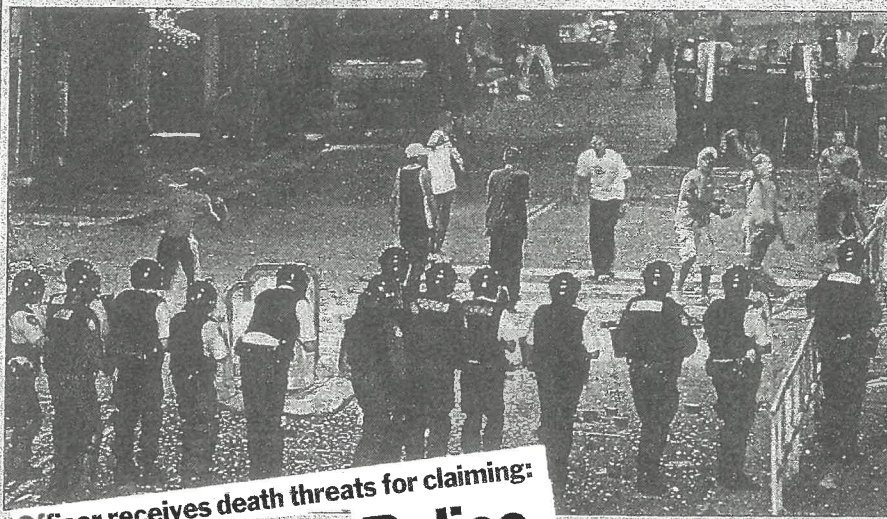
Other Aboriginal activists were more restrained in their comments.

Residents repeatedly made the point that many of the officers de-

ployed to Redfern were straight out of the Goulburn Police Academy and ill-equipped to deal with the entrenched problems of the area.

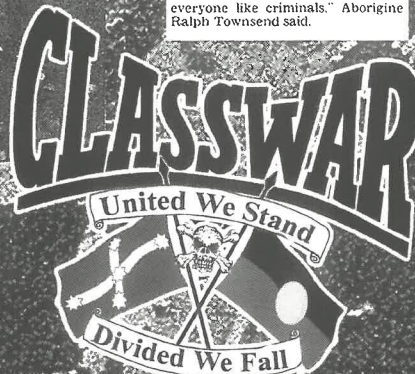
"We get all the young guys coming here because no one else wants to police the area, no one senior, and a lot of them are hot-heads who treat everyone like criminals," Aboriginal Ralph Townsend said.

Police injured, trains attacked as fury explodes over youth's death



Officer receives death threats for claiming:

Police did ram Hickey



CLASS WAR

FOR UNITY, STUANCHNESS AND REBELLION



THE TIME IS RIGHT FOR ORGANISATION AND UNITY, FOR THERE IS GREAT STRENGTH IN UNITY. WE AIM TO UNITE EVERYONE WHO IS UP AGAINST THE LAWS OF THE RICH AND POWERFUL AND DIRECT ALL OUR ANGER AND ENERGY AT THOSE WHO ARE TRYING TO BREAK OUR SPIRIT, DIVIDE US AND CONTROL US.

WE WILL BACK EACH OTHER UP ALL THE WAY...AN ATTACK ON ONE IS AN ATTACK ON ALL...WE WON'T SELL OUT, ROLL OVER OR GIVE IN. WE WILL NEVER DOG ANYONE EVER...WE WILL NOT HELP OUR ENEMIES IN ANY WAY. OUR STRATEGY IS STRENGTH IN NUMBERS, AND THAT STRENGTH IS POWER.

WE WON'T BE CAUGHT UP IN THE MINDLESS ACTIONS THAT KEEP US DIVIDED. NO MORE FIGHTING OR ROBBING AMONGST OURSELVES. NO MORE DOBBING ON EACH OTHER. UNITY AND ORGANISATION ARE THE WAY TO FIGHT AND WIN.

THIS IS THE BEGINNING OF US GETTING UP OFF OUR KNEES AND TAKING THE FIGHT TO THEM..

THIS IS CLASS WAR....AND THE WAR IS ON.

STREET ISSUE 'AUSSIE' CLASS WAR ROUND-NECK SWEAT TOP & T-SHIRT



This brown sweat top and t-shirt is available with the full colour "Spirit of Rebellion-Ned Kelly" print on the front.

To also comes with the "Class War Pitbull on the Eureka Flag" on the upper sleeve.



Available in stone brown only, sizes XSmall to XXXL only.

AUSTRALIAN CLASS WAR NEWSPAPER

The following few pages are lifted from the first issue of the Aussie Class War newspaper, produced mid 1990s.



Left: front coever
Below: back cover



MAKING REBELLION

If there's an illusion we need to immediately confront and smash, it's that of credibility and rebellion.

The system, with its interests in controlling the people by redirecting, corrupting and stunting their desires and instincts etc, has developed an arsenal of machinery that can take any concept, any idea — however rebellious or revolutionary, suck it in and re-shape it to suit its own ends. Then sell it back to us as a safe and predictable, lifeless and soulless commodity.

Absolutely anything, from Harley Davidson's to Doctor Martens boots, the systems big business co-horts and mass media henchmen, can act like a huge 'purifying' vacuum cleaner, absorbing anything with a rebellious rep, ideology or history and mass market it as acceptable consumerist rebellion.

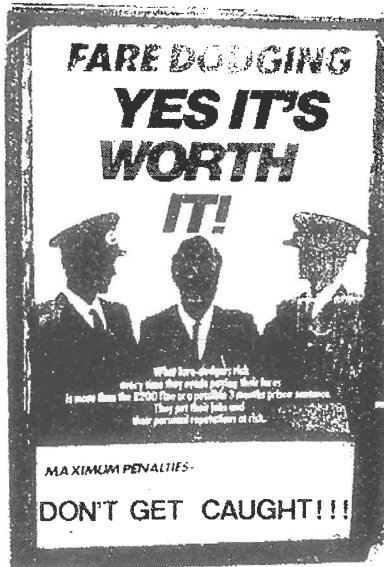
Flannelette shirts and Docs only used to be worn by 'hoods', punks, lower class youths and workers — now they are mandatory fashion accessories for all trendsetters.

Harley's only used to be ridden by rebel bikers who lived out the 'outlaw in pursuit of freedom' fantasy associated with a 'hog', everyday of their lives, now every yuppie in Paddington and Double Bay owns one.

Ear and nose rings, tattoos and wild haircuts were only for 'hoods', crims, punks and thugs — now they are 'comfortable catwalk essentials'!

Industrial clothing, worn begrudgingly by factory workers for yonks, are now sold in exclusive city style salons at twenty times the price.

It's us — the lower classes, the individuals in search of freedom, the fringe dwellers, the crims, the real rebels who walk it like they talk it, who create everything with street credibility that's authentically *unauthentic*. And it always comes from a totally anti-establishment attitude and lifestyle. We pay for it by being harassed, beaten-up, imprisoned and even killed.



Then after a few years, when the system has safely obliterated it with its media, money-makers and thugs, it will be re-issued to the people as the hilt in credibility for every style conscious citizen to purchase.

They can even take the notions and ideas of crime, riots and anti-Government sentiments, and spit it out at the cost of a C.D. or video game...

"You too can dress like you come from the Bronx, sing along with 'Cop-Killer', rap to the tune of how many banks you've stuck up and fight like Rambo"... but only in consumer fantasy!

The system has destroyed our communities by instilling mistrust, isolation, competition and fear into us. It has decimated any militant workplace organising or collective action. And now, it knows, that the only thing left for 'its inhabitants' to cling to is 'the idea' of rebellion — acted out in style, fashion, music and video. These are all that people think they can obtain any real experience from, any real desire for, any sense of belonging to.

The resulting experience being one big individualistic head trip — where the hallucine is a dollar sign and the experience a dull blank of deadness resulting in a mass quick-fix culture fantasy. Where people are unable to communicate about their real desires, hang-ups, problems, and feelings because we are so isolated, lonely and fucked up by having no real community with each other.

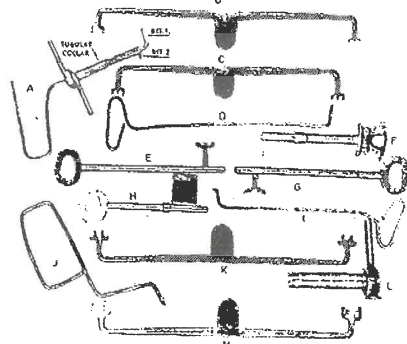
And this drug is sold at every shopping mall in the world.

Well, **LET'S FUCK IT UP!**

Let's turn it all around, let's bring on the real rebellion... the rebellion they *don't* want you to experience because the adrenalin rush, the high, the buzz, the raw emotion of this 'life drug' will leave you craving reality, craving more communication, more collective direct action. It'll make you want to throw their rule book out the window forever.

Fuck their plans for us, fuck their bullshit careers in braindeath — we're going to organise ourselves to look after each other all the time, and in doing so, smash the need for anymore of their bullshit credibility 'pills'. No pensioner will be robbed or left cold and lonely, no one will go without the most exhilarating experience of orgasmic adrenalin rushes through the action of working together as one, autonomous community.

YOUTH OPPORTUNITIES COURSE .1. LOCKPICKING



ONLY ROB THE RICH!

Fig. 13.2(a). Learn to recognise the general appearance of the various picks used in lever locks. A is a rudimentary but very efficient, independently acting, double-bitted skeleton key. Triple and quadruple examples (not shown) have also been made. B, C, K and M are blacksmith-made double-ended skeleton keys of Victorian vintage, but still found in the possession of thieves (rarely made nowadays). E and G are modern skeleton keys commercially available or easily made from blanks. D, I and J are suitable only for the simplest locks. H and F are blanks purchased for filing. L is a parking-meter key made from mild steel tubing. These implements may be found mixed with ordinary keys or generally with similar honest tools. You must know what to look for. (All rights reserved.)

REAL AGAIN

We're going to steal for each other, *not* off each other. We're only going to hit the rich and their businesses. We're going to lie for each other in court, care for each other and love each other in a style and with a commitment of unity and respect that'll leave no-one who sides with us feeling lonely, rejected or alienated.

We're going to flush out every idea that the system ever drilled into our heads about hating people because of their colour, sex, sexuality or age.

The barriers in our 'Peoples Power Zones' will be down. It will be a mass orgy of communication and direct action, as we re-build our lives around trust, love and a community of realness.

It'll be the absolute rejection of everything that they ever fucked our heads with, and of every one of their quick fix pills that leaves such a bitter after taste.

If we don't have a collective orgasm with everything we do, if what we do doesn't lead to, or involve us forming together as a community, collective, a mob, or revolutionary group, then we'll call time-out on it, and any other individualistic, head-tripping hand-job that makes us feel so used, lonely, demoralised and wasted.

WE ARE GOING TO CHANGE EVERYTHING AND CHANGE IT NOW!



WE'RE GONNA CHANGE EVERYTHING AND CHANGE IT NOW!



PAGE 10.

Aussie

PLUG IN THE CLASS WAR VIRUS!

FUTURE HIJACKING!

Whether we like it or not, we live in Big Brothers age of advanced technology. An era, in which it is promised, we will be liberated from the monotonous boredom of manual labour by computerised machinery designed to increase production, efficiency and quality, with as little 'human interference' as possible.

Every aspect of our lives has been injected with technology — from computers in the workplace to the leisure games of Sega, Nintendo and now, virtual reality.

On the face of it, this technology has introduced to us more fun, convenience and mental stimulation. It promises to unleash us from the tedious duties of a primitive existence and let us loose in a futuristic 'garden of Eden' where only the limitations of our imaginations can eclipse the extent of our leisurely pursuits in a virtual reality of escapism.

However, it's the slimy masterplan of manipulation and control that slithered in on this technology of leisure and convenience's coat-tail that threatens to tangle us deeper within the wreckage of an ultra-competitive, button pressing nightmare. Where the illusion of freedom and multiple choice lifestyle will disguise the satellite 'eye-in-the-sky' homing in on every persons movements, will justify computer monitoring of our spending patterns and the friends we keep, where a whole host of electronic 'behaviour modifiers' will be secretly ushered in along with the latest 3D Virtual Reality machine, taking players deep into 'leisure heaven' and trivially enlightening us with 'its' spectacular technology — at the expense of our ability to genuinely communicate our feelings, problems and hang-ups with each other or indulge in any collective activity, *except* sport.

In essence, we will be zipping our lives up within the body-bag of an individualist and escapist non-existence, increasingly devoid of mass interhuman communication, exchange and deliberation. Where we will

endure a real life 'Total Recall' saga of trivial entertainment, and the chance to experience any of our dreams and fantasies in Virtual Reality technology, but be unable to revel in any of life's real personal and collective pleasures in brilliant, stark reality, because life will be an isolated, conformist merry-go-round in a prison of conveniences.

We will lose our ability to deal with, cope and care for each other because we will be made insecure and frightened by the manipulative forces of the media.

Rebellion will become something to exude on a machine, rather than express in real life, and as such, will become obsolete, as the forces behind technology make conformity 'trendy'.

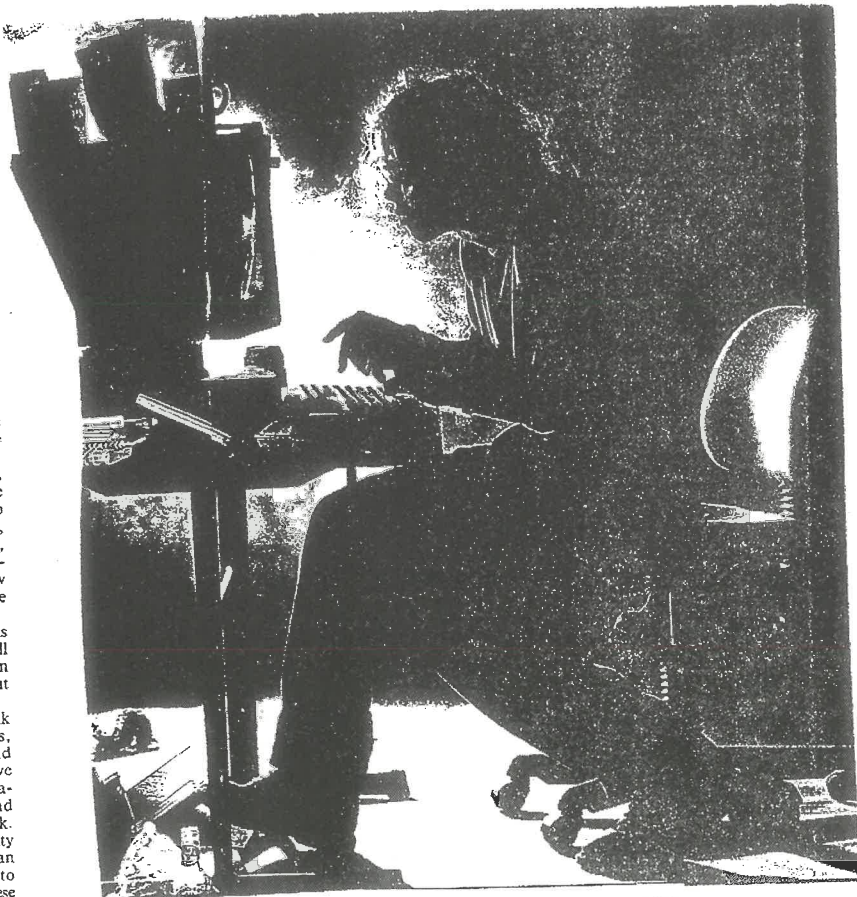
And as the community, collective and 'free communication' experience, so essential to our human qualities, is drained from our characters, and bleached from our genes — the systems plans for the new 'hybrid' human will be underway.

How close are we to this nightmare? Well, spend a full day in any shopping mall, or in front of a T.V., and work it out for yourself.

All we can say is "Thank Fuck for the computer hackers, technology hijackers and software saboteurs", who've taken the systems ultra-advanced machinery and fashioned their own fight back. Utilising ingenuity, vulnerability within the system and an unwillingness to conform to bullshit rules and ethics... these hi-tech rebels have the Culture of Resistance speeding through their pulsating veins with the realisation that we've no time to lose, and the knowledge that it's impossible to fight 21st century capitalism with 19th century ammunition, firmly in their minds, they've blitzed systems left, right and centre!

We now need to incite more computer hackers and saboteurs within our communities, to spread viruses within police, government and big business systems, to hi-jack leisure technology such as Nintendo, Sega and Virtual Reality and rearrange their programs so that players and indulgers learn not just how to "street fight villains" and experience fantasy in 3D, but begin laying out our real communities on Sega and Nintendo games, teaching players how to keep the riot cops out with barricades, petrol bombs and bricks. The ultimate goal of the game being to get through all government forces to reach and seize the T.V. and radio stations, and the offices of the National newspapers: whoever control them, wins the game.

Make it real... so that playing the game is a rebellious learning process. Actualize the full revolutionary program of the new improved Sega or Nintendo games, within a Virtual Reality machine — so that groups of people can play,



FUTURE HIJACKING!

learn and work together as they fight the system for control of the city, within the virtual reality machine.

We've got to organise computer hackers and Techno Bandits to train other people within our groups and areas to prize their way into rich peoples bank accounts, social security records, prison files, multinational accounts, to be able to dive 'head first' into the bank accounts of company's involved in strikes and exploiting the environment, and fleece them dry, to be able to tap into top level Government departments, big business and institutions and drain not only funds, but information for the underground resistance.

All the time deflecting the redirecting money and securities

into the autonomous community to put to collective use.

If we take the initiative, use our resourcefulness and keep an open mind to the limitless possibilities available to us to fight back with and organise around. Our arsenal will be attacking from so many different angles and directions, that we will be unstoppable!

COMPUTERISED TERROR

TERRORISTS could cripple entire nations if they sabotaged computer systems, claims leading American counter-terrorism expert Robert Kupperman, of Georgetown University's Centre for Strategic and International Studies.

He believes terrorists' new targets would be electric power and transportation grids, oil and natural gas lines, and crucial but vulnerable data processing systems.

Kupperman points to an attack in Japan where a band of radicals knocked out the computers controlling Tokyo's rail system and paralysed the city.

Bank fooled by

Police are investigating an ingenious scam involving automatic telling machines (ATMs) which confuses the customer into thinking the machine is malfunctioning while the scammer collects the cash.

Scam

PAGE 19

Aussie



THE CALL GOES OUT!

Pick up any newspaper on any given day of the week and there's bound to be some expose or rivetting revelation about some politician or media personality - and what they 'really' got up to. Often it's just a smokescreen of triviality to disguise what all the filth at the top are up to.

The real idea to grab, throttle and exploit to the hilt, from these revelations is that, the rich and powerful are publically vulnerable.

A photo of them starkers is as good as a kick in their head! And with a bit of imagination and class selectivity, we can pick off any judge, top cop, T.V. personality, big business type etc. with a telescopic lens camera and some well placed fly-posting!!

So, NO!, we are not going to fight with our hands tied behind our backs, like they want us to. No, we will not respect 'Queensbury rules' and we will never respect the personal wishes and lives of societies 'top dogs', when our entire future is up for grabs and in their dirty hands.

We've just clicked to an 'Achilles Heel' on these germs and with your help we're going to publish and fly-post nude, politically and socially 'comprising' POSTERS of these vermin EVERYWHERE... If Bronwyn Bishop so much as touches her vibrator, you'll see it on 6 foot fully coloured posters stuck up the length and breadth of every cities busiest street.

We're gonna show their clammy flesh for all to see... reveal their nakedness, just as they strip us naked with their morals and lies, just as they humiliate us in public with their laws and punishments - we will do the same to them with their humanity revealed - for all to see!, just as they persecute, demoralise and denigrate us with their wage slavery, the wealth they flaunt before us, the bullshit middle class goals, attitudes and lifestyles that are paraded before us and rammed down our throats every waking minute... so too will we to them, with an arsenal of revelations that'll have them quivering with fear at the raw stench of class warfare.

To make this happen, we're going to put a call out to every nanny and 'Au Pair', every gardener and housekeeper, every 'helping hand' and 'stars' slave already infiltrated deep within their trusty ranks... to send us any smut or slander, any accusation or revelation, on or at the rich and powerful, and we'll print, poster and paste it - EVERYWHERE!!

We're going to shine the spotlight on every aspect of their sycophantic lives, on their seedy and perverted under-belly of their respectable but warped upperclass morality.

We're going to drag every piece of stark-naked normality out of their prim'n'proper closets, photograph it and produce it 10,000 times over, as a part of our fight against their system.

BE WARNED RICH SCUMBAGS, WE'RE GONNA GET YOU!!

ALL EXPOSED

MAID REVEALS



CRACKIN' UNDER THE PRESSURE!

CANDIDATE EXPOSED WITH SECOND HEAD!

PRIME MINISTERS DILEMMA.

CLASS WAR ASSAULT TAKE CONTROL!

It seems for every single problem society has, there is a socially acceptable cause and career, based not just around patching up the systems wounds with the tacky band aid of law abiding action, but also providing a nice comfy role for some sloppy do-gooder to O.D. on patronising self indulgence in.

These would-be 'Mother Teresa's' are nothing short of modern day missionaries, out to save us from the evils of society's woes, but really just free loading on a guilt-trip doubling as a cosy career.

Social workers, probation officers and career officers - they are not there to help you get a better grasp on things and sort your shit out - but to rail road you down the dead end of a straight existance - straight job - straight life - straight friends - straight socialising - straight thinking and straight on to a no return trip to middle class snoozeville - where society's problems kick off from an' days.

These parasites prey on people's worries, problems, and insecurities - a bit like those bloody annoying Seventh Day Adventists from cloud-cockoo land who warn us that unless we repent - we're gonna die in the flames of hell!!!

Well it's time we not only refused these people entry into our lives, but rebuilt a progressive community so tightly bound by a love and caring for each other, that the need for them just isn't there - because we do it ourselves. We assume responsibility for everything and force the 'state' out of our lives and communities.

And we don't need the government building refuges and 'half-ways' houses for drug addicts, rape victims and parolled prisoners anymore. They only distance them from the community. What we do need to build is an autonomous community, where such victims will feel safe, wanted and loved by everyone in every house in our areas - NOT all stuck in

the one shoe-box and treated like aliens - NOT safely tucked away in the one coup to be studied and monitored by some pathetic social worker or probation offer who's only making a case and career out of their misfortunes, NOT so these victims can be kicked head first into the misery of a dead-end job.

But in a positive assimilation of people into the collective spirit of a community in action, a community ready to liquidate the States system of lying, cheating and brutalisation that churns out rapists, smack dealers, and the reasons for crime - like a sort of warped production line.

And stuff these 'goody two shoes' moralising about social issues as well. It seems from dawn till dusk we're belted about the head with patronising social manipulation from the mouth of some T.V. star or high society clown - 'ordering' us not to litter, not to use excess water, not to life bar-be-ques, not to use leaded fuel... and a

truck full of other finger waving 'no-no's' issued 'from above' in the neatly packaged disguise of the happy, smiling role model we all aspire and relate to. A condensing load of crap dumped on us because they think we're too stupid to organise ourselves.

But we can and will do it ourselves - not by following the latest acceptable and trendy issue raised by some puppet on T.V., and not by using the quick-fix treatments of societies professional caretakers, but by our own means and in our own communities, without any outside interference at all....

from fucken idiots!

NOW!

GOTCHA!

Welcome to the cheapest, nastiest and realist injection of information, excitement and incitement you've ever gonna lay your hands on. Down Under... CLASS WAR... a newspaper equivalent of a hand grenade suppository for every rich scumbag, boss, cop, landlord, yuppie and politician this side of the 'Black Stump'. An unashamedly agitational blitz of revolutionary propaganda aimed fairly and squarely at the *real* enemy within, the rich and their lackeys.

Because, more than ever before, this country is divided by one thing, CLASS. It's a division that's always been there, lurking dangerously between the bills, covered up between the mortgage and H.P. receipts, hidden purposely beneath the 'Final Warning' notices — a division of lifestyle and culture. The recession has just made this dividing line more obvious — a lot like squeezing a pimple and making it redder, more noticeable, and bringing it to a pussy head.

The rich, the boss class, the snobs, whatever you want to call them, have a completely different set of values, role models, heroes, culture, and history to ours. Whereas the scum of wealthy backgrounds were brought up with rugby union, smoked salmon, manicured poodles and Range Rovers, we were fobbed off with 'football, meat pies, alsations and Holden cars'. Their heroes and role models were businessmen and success stories like Nick-Fart-Jones, Dame Joan Sutherland, Rupert Murdoch and Robert Menzies whilst ours were working class heroes such as AC/DC, Ned Kelly, Paul Hogan and Darcy Dugan; anyone whoever came from the bottom and stuck 2 fingers up at the establishment with whatever they done. It's a completely different world of mannerisms, dress codes, style and language. After all, how could the parasites of posh Point Piper ever understand how the people of Liverpool, Blacktown or Campbelltown live. For the rich, the recession has meant a new B.M.W. rather than a Porsche this summer, a holiday in the Whitsundays rather than 3 months on a pool-side-chair in the Bahamas. How the fuck are they ever going to begin to come to terms with how the recession has cut us down — with mortgage defaults, debt collectors, and sheriffs pounding on the front door for blood.



How could the 'Stately citizens of St. Ives' ever understand having to turn to crime to put food on your families table. Of fiddling electricity, working the larks and perks to make ends meet, of hating the police and judges because they, in the time-honoured ways of the Lackey for the boss, beat us into line with their stick called 'Law and Order' — their law and order — not ours. Ours is to rebel, resist and fight them every step of the way. This is our Culture of Resistance for our survival as a class. A very different world to those who have lived in the secure comfort of Private Schools and inheritances. And it's through this paper that we are going to expand and strengthen this 'culture of Resistance'. We are going to publicize to people in other areas how our class is stealing electricity, how we're shoplifting to make ends meet.

Why it's better for our class to only rob the rich, not each other. How people are bartering trades, food and assistance with each other, in places like Fairfield, and how we can use this to solidify our community and rebuild progressive community spirit. How we can help single parents and pensions if we *really* help each other. How people are getting their mates in Telecom to put their phones back on illegally after its been disconnected. How people have united and fought back against the anti-social threat of repo men, rapists and debt collectors. The terms Legal and Illegal mean *absolutely nothing* to our class. Our only distinction is of whether certain activities or ideas are beneficial for the collective spirit of community resistance in our areas or not. Anything else is irrelevant.

Sounds extreme? Well, at the moment, we're shitting in our own nest too bloody often. The cops, the media, the rich and the 'powers that be' are quite happy that house-breaking, car theft, murder and smack dealing are taking place mostly in 'our' areas. If people were doing this in Cremorne, there'd be United Nations relief at fucken hand, and the Army would be called in. So, we've got to rebuild our areas, and take from theirs.

We need to have our areas so tight and self-supportive, that no way would Telecom, the Water or Electricity Boards dare send someone out to cut supplies off to anyone in our areas for fear of recriminations, 'on the spot'. Indeed we need to build a support system so strong that workers will *not* cut-off services to our class — full fucken stop!

And, as a provocative newspaper, CLASS WAR is going to publicize, push and promote this 'Culture of Resistance' whenever and wherever it occurs in our class — locally, nationally and internationally. We will use every weapon in our newspaper arsenal to slander, abuse, provoke and attack all those who are trying to instill fear and insecurity in us, so as to railroad us down that dead-end street of a soulless, grey existence where watching the grass grow is an ejaculatory experience!!

Every cop, teacher, social worker, prison and probation officer and property developer will be a legitimate target for our 'words as weapons' invective. And we won't mince about with those words either, we'll always go straight for the jugular, and if that means we use more than a sprinkling of four lettered expletives — then tuff-fucken shit!! Class War will *never* be the paper to be folded neatly inside a brief case and read pompously on the journey home; never be snoozepaper to be flittered through whilst sipping imported coffee in a posh Double Bay brasserie. In fact, it *will* be the name that puts the fear-of-God into the callous hearts of all the parasitical inhabitants of the 'leafy suburbs'. It's gonna be hip, funny, stylish, hardcore, trendy, vicious, slanderous and class conscious, and if we offend all the right people, then fucken brilliant!, cos we won't be shedding any crocodile tears for the rich and their misfortunes. In fact, we'll revel in them. If any of them die, we'll proudly notify you. If they get robbed, mugged, booked, burgled, bogged or wheel-clamped, Class War will print it. In fact, if any of them so much as have a wank we'll let y'all in on it.

We'll have our spies and contacts everywhere... at the cricket, if there's a punch-up with the cops, not only will you get on-the-stop reports, but we'll publish photo's of the blue-uniformed vermin as they are K.O.'d and canned by the crowd... seated directly behind the accused if Michael Jackson goes to trial, if Jacko farts, not only will we tell you if it smelt like mustard gas or organic Pot Pourri, but if we get the chance, we'll brag to y'all about how we filled his oxygen tent up with carbon monoxide...

Nanny's and housekeepers... slaving legit for the rich... but secretly spying, conspiring and writing for us, e.g. Keating can't get it up!! Housekeeper tells all, droop by droop... Shoplifters, we'll publish how to do it guides... Burglars, we'll print the 'richest suburbs hit list', so only the rich get robbed!!

We won't however, be a paper to be shelved so easily into the ridiculous category. Unlike newspaper nonsense like 'The Truth', our intentions, our motivation and our goals are *deadly* serious. We'll make no apologies or excuses for our revolutionary goals or direct action methods. We want to see the people in the driving seat, collectively, determining their own destiny, free of any and all diversions, and we won't make any half measures in our efforts to encourage them!!

The Class War has always been going on, since capitalism began. It's our intention to publicize how, our class, the working class, is fighting this war every day of their lives.

Hilton robbed of \$10,000

IN A Bonnie and Clyde-style raid a man and woman yesterday robbed Sydney's Hilton Hotel of more than \$10,000.

THIEVES have launched a robbery binge on Sydney's North Shore, plundering luxury homes and apartments.

They are raiding about three residences a day and stealing millions of dollars worth of goods.

Worker's car locks glued up

EXCLUSIVE BY FRANK OILBRIDE
POLICE were last night probing an attack on a railman's car — after he worked through Wednesday's national strike.

Coke worker kills bosses after sack

LET'S FUCK IT UP BY ANY MEANS NECESSARY

Gun totin' gran raids dress shop

A GREY-haired granny walked into a posh boutique, pulled out a gun and demanded: "Give me the money from the till."

RIOT class gap

Four years when I was Mayor I had to hear tactics like this police and fire engines turning up at home at all hours.

THIS IS HOW THEY'RE LIVING.....

Leave the rich alone to spend their money the way they want!
— (Miss) "Let Be"
(Neutral Bay, NSW)

Official: it's posh



THE harborside suburb of Darling Point has been named the world's sixth most expensive address in a survey of international real estate. Land at Darling Point is calculated at \$6600 per square metre, making it dearer than any other suburb in the world.

at the Point

She said she was at the value placed on the area.
"I love the views, they're stunning," she said. "It is a very stylish suburb that has a good combination of homes and location."
"It's the perfect place to retire at 30 and that's what I'd like to do."

Darling Point resident Joanne McDonald, 23, walks pet pooch Cotton along her exclusive street today—the perfect place to retire at 30

...WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO ABOUT IT?!

They don't have to worry about their phones getting cut off. They don't have to scrimp and scrape to pay rent, mortgage and electricity bills. They don't have the fear-of-god tremors thundering through their heart whenever they open their letterbox. They don't have to juggle kids, work, bills and domestic 'duties'.

Theirs is a world full of imported cars and the fines! smoked salmon, of prim 'n' proper private school education, of Lah de Dah accents, of hang 'em and flog 'em attitudes, of yatching and chauffers, of caviar and au pairs, of executive suites and exclusive living..... of everything privileged, pompous and perfect.

They control and own the radio, TV stations, the shopping malls, the golf and football clubs. They are the ones in the driving seat of the companies and businesses that fuck everything up and everyone over.....

They are the real enemy!!

Not the gay person because of their sexuality. Not the Asians because of their

'nationality'. Not the person who looks 'different'. They want us fighting amongst ourselves so that we never get together to challenge their power.....



CLASS WAR IN THE PRESS

Cops, club veto 'memorial' for crash victims

AN event dubbed a "memorial night" for two teenagers killed in a fatal car accident last month has been cancelled after the police stepped in.

Posters publicising the event, which was to take place at Wanda Surf Lifesaving Club on Friday night, had been widely distributed throughout Cronulla without the club's knowledge.

The posters stated the event was a memorial night "celebrating the lives of these two young bloods" Chris Dale and Luke Veitch, who died in the early hours of August 3 when their car hit a telegraph pole.

It promised "DJs, full laser show, CD and clothing stall" with all proceeds, including the \$10 cover charge, to go to a "bust fund".

The evening, which was due to start at 7.30, was organised by Class War, a locally based group known for its hatred of police.

A spokesman for the club said a tentative booking for the event was made some weeks ago but a deposit had not been received when police contacted the club earlier this week.

The club, unaware of the scale of the event,

then attempted to contact the person who made the booking, to no avail.

Miranda Local Area Command Licensing Sergeant Chris Pickard said police had spoken to the mother of one of the dead boys and she confirmed the families were not involved in organising the evening.

He said she was distraught that someone was attempting to cash in on her son's memory and was considering taking legal action against the organisers.

The parents of both boys are urging people to stay away from the event.

Sgt Pickard said the event would have been illegal from a licensing point of view had it gone ahead because the organisers had failed to take out the required fundraising permit.

Police have now contacted local high schools to advise them the event has been cancelled.

The club will remain closed on Friday night and members will be on hand to turn people away.

Police will also maintain a strong presence in the area to ensure there is no trouble.

CLASS WAR DEMO FOR ROBBERS

ANARCHISTS are to take to Hackney's streets for a double celebration in honour of "bank robbers, thieves and people who assault the police."

Dalston-based Class War are using the slogan: "They're inside for us... we're outside for them" to sum up their protest.

The anarchists are holding a benefit night for prisoners on Monday at Finsbury Park's The Robey. On the bill are punk bands, Fear of Fear, Bolo and 1926 Committee.

Next Thursday at noon, Class War are holding their demo outside Stoke Newington police station, in Stoke Newington High Street.

A spokesperson for Class War said: "The money raised will go to support Class War prisoners - whether they're framed or inside. For stealing from work of shops, robbing banks, assaulting the police, prison rioting or shooting gamekeepers!"

Supt Steve Roberts, from Stoke Newington police station, said his officers would ensure the demo and concert passed off peacefully.

"The concert is a private function and Class War have as much right as anyone else to hold one," said Supt Roberts. "Providing it doesn't cause any public order offences, it is nothing to do with us."

Punk an' disorderly



SNAPSHOT RECORDS AND CLASS WAR HAVE JOINED FORCES FOR WHAT WILL BE THE FIRST IN AN ONGOING SERIES OF SHOWS, WITH AN EMPHASIS ON REALLY TAKING PUNK ROCK BACK TO THE STREETS. BILLED AS 'MAYHEM', THE INITIAL EVENT IS SET TO TAKE PLACE OVER TWO DAYS ON THE EASTER LONG WEEKEND AND FEATURES TEN BANDS PER DAY, ALL OF WHOM APPEAR ON THE CD THAT COMES FREE WITH ENTRY TO EITHER SHOW. THIS IS JUST A TASTE OF THINGS TO COME...

MAYHEM story by ROD HUNT

Over a few cold beers, Jay Snapshot and Darren and Paul from Class War explain how it all came about and what they have in store for the future.

Darren: "This is something that's been a lot of years in the making, this is some genuine history within the Sydney punk movement that's coming together here. There's a lot of years between us all. This is a genuine attempt to redirect the punk movement to an aggressive stance."

How is 'Mayhem' going to differ from the countless punk shows that have come before it in Sydney?

Darren: "This gig is going to be absolutely and totally fucking different to every other punk gig that's ever been put up in Sydney ever before, and I'll tell you right here and now why. It's not going to be a run of the mill show where everyone gets up and just plays their songs by numbers and it's all about nothing and everyone wants to get another contract."

"We are turning the clock back, we're saying old school. We're saying it's all about what you really feel, not what you hear it's what you feel. It's about fucking anarchy and it's about not giving a fuck and it's about looking after your fellow mates, the punk movement."

Paul: "And not segregated. There's that many fucking different avenues of punk these days."

Darren: "We're gonna chuck it back down to street level, it's about the real thing, about kids on the streets, about coppers, chucked out on the streets, against your parents, this is the real deal, this is like 1977 all over again."

"No nonsense about not drinking alcohol or not having sex. We are the absolute opposite of that, we are about drinking alcohol, having as much sex as possible and fucking up big time (roars with laughter). This is the end of the influence that straightedge has had on the fucking punk movement. You will see bodies on the pavement."

Jay: "We're just going to show people there's a different side to it. It's always been the same people putting on shows for ages; if you're not in the clique you can't play. We're going to keep putting these shows on where anyone who wants to play can play, if you don't want to play, you don't fucking play. No offence to anyone else who's been putting on shows, but it's always the same shit all the time. We're going to put mixed bills on, definitely mixed bills."

Darren: "This is the thin end of the wedge. We're going to play in jails; we're going to put gigs on fucking everywhere. This is taking rock n' roll back to its fucking roots."

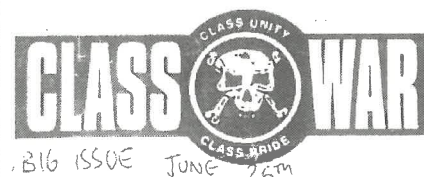
Jay: "It's going to be all about having a good night. We've got heaps of different bands getting together, we've got metalcore bands that usually just play Resist shows, like Stronger Than Hate. We've got the street punk bands, we've got the punk bands, the mohawk wankers, we've got everything."

"That's how it going to be. We'll let em bands play; we're not going to pick and choose. The next one we've got coming up (mid August), I've got twenty bands already written down and people are going to shit when they see what bands we're having play."

Mayhem hits the Green Square Hotel this weekend. Playing Saturday April 19 will be Charter 77, A.V.O., Stronger Than Hate, The Blunters, Staying At Home, Run For Cover, Means To An End, Punisher, The Panic Attacks, Kingdom Come, 4pm start. Playing Sunday 20 will be Unclean, Charter 77, World War 24, Demolition Highstyle, Out Of Order, Blasting Process, Changeover, Do! Do! Do!, Thought Crime and Blood Red Eagle, 2pm start, \$10 per night, includes free CD featuring 1 track from each band.



Class War banned in jail



PRISONERS HAVE been banned from receiving the anarchist newspaper *Class War* because the latest edition contains numbers of ministers, MPs and civil servants, writes Anthony Middleton. The Prison Service banned the bi-monthly paper, which is sent to over 200 prisoners, because it contained the telephone numbers of Michael Howard, David Mellor and William Waldegrave and it was feared they would be subjected to nuisance phone calls.

A prisoner in The Mount Prison in Hertfordshire received a letter from the governor which said he could not have the paper because it contained "confidential" information. Dave Clark of *Class War* said the decision was overtly political: "They just want to ban our ideas. The point about the telephone numbers is just an excuse."

Geoff Coggan of the National Prisoners Movement, which campaigns on behalf of inmates said: "I don't really agree with printing the numbers. But there's no reason a prisoner should not receive them, they can do less with them than anyone on the outside." A spokesperson for the Prison Service confirmed that the edition had been banned from prisons nationally: "We cannot take the risk of this information falling into the hands of..."

CLASS WAR

No 29



**ROCK
AGAINST
THE RICH**
TOUR 88



EYEWITNESS REPORT

MERCHANDISE

PRESS CLIPPINGS

TOUR MERCHANDISE

TOO MUCH PEACE & QUIET
CLASS WAR'S



FEATURING
JOE STRUMMER
AND THE LATINO ROCKABILLY WAR

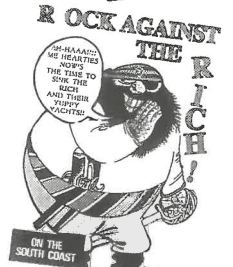
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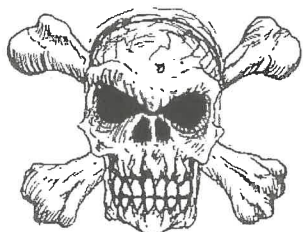
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Strummer set to Rock
Against the Rich

Joe Strummer
GUNNING FOR THE RICH



ROCK AGAINST THE RICH !



In about March 1988, the main rabble rouser from London Class War, Ian Bone, was holding court with one of his lieutenants, me, Darren Johnson, in a West London boozer called The Warwick Castle. It was a Saturday afternoon, and both of us were necking as much lager as we could before chucking out time. The Warwick Castle was on Portbello Rd, Notting Hill, just down from the frontline - before it got 'yupified'. It was one of the last pubs in Notting Hill left that had any character left in it. It was smokey, dirty and suited us at the time as we discussed the coming local election, in which we were putting up a candidate.

John Duignan was to run under the banner of 'Carnival yes-Yuppies no'. At the time, the new wealthy invaders in the area didn't want the carnival any more as they considered it 'inappropriate to their property investment'. Any point of class antagonism was right up Class War's street, so we got involved to make that antagonism as violent as possible, in anyway we could. Given that these rich tossers were getting mugged left, right and centre, and were about as popular as turds-in-a swimming-pool, we were off to a flying start. Ian Bone's mind was fueled by opportunity. Any chance he got to have a go at the rich, he seized. His brain operated on a program of pure class warfare and at a staggering pace. It was he who came up with the successes and failures of Class War's notorious past - Bash the Rich' marches, disrupting the Henley Regatta, campaigns against yuppies and dozens of other hits and misses....And it was Ian who spied Joe Strummer and a couple of liggers stroll into the pub about 1.30 and take up a quiet corner for themselves with a pint. Wasn't quiet for long....

"Oi! Joe, get us a beer in!"

Strummer was about to meet seven pint Ian Bone. For some fuckin' reason, Strummer got up and went to the bar and got a round in! Since I'd been a punk previously, meeting the geezer that sung 'White Riot', and have him get a round in was a proper bonus. Add to this that I was nearly skint, and was already planning my next mission to the Sainsbury's up the road, to lift 50-60 quid worth of meat, and flog it in the pub for beer money, and you've

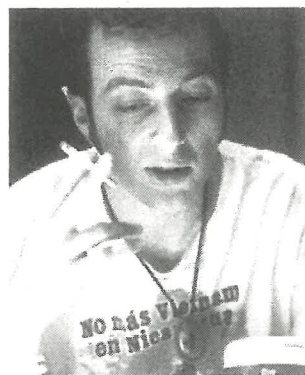
got a much tastier option for the immediate future, not to mention easier. Ian immediately harassed Strummer about doing a benefit for Class War. You had to give the bloke credit for front. I mean

Strummer's arse hadn't even warmed his chair yet and the pissed geezer he didn't know from a bar of soap, whom he'd just bought a pint,

demanding - not asked - that he live up to the original intentions of the Clash, and do a benefit for one of the most notorious political groups in the country.... and he said YES!... I've got to be honest, and say that I couldn't fuckin' believe my ears--

That was it. For the next two hours, Joe Strummer was subjected the most outlandish plans for a tour he had ever heard. Not to mention the most prevalent usage of the word 'fuck' known to mankind! We were like nitro and glycerine, me and Ian. This was us in our element.

The idea had, with the fuel of another half a dozen pints, gone from a one off gig to a full blown fuckin' tour! And not just a tour-it was gonna be the 'White Riot' tour all over again-with the added malevolence of Class War behind it. We presented the idea to Strummer that it was going to mark his return to his Clash roots-back to Garage land-back to the streets. I think that he thought he would get some kind of political street cred from associating with us. The reason he thought that was because we concocted an incredible scenario for a tour for him; each gig was to be based around a local issue of class warfare. A gig



at the Durham Miners gala. On the same day as the stuck up Edinburgh Festival, an opposing open air concert in the middle of one of the most notorious housing estates in Scotland. With the idea, of after the concert, inciting the crowd to riot.

A benefit concert in Wales for the people stealing coal from trains, and for those burning down rich bastards holiday homes. The Newcastle show was gonna be a benefit to the supporters fighting the board of directors of Newcastle United Football Club, who were trying to flog the teams best players, and fuck up the club.

And, of course, the jewel in the crown... a free concert on the Isle of Dogs, right in the East End heartland of the class war between the yuppies and the working class. This was going to be it.

There was only two roads in and out of the Isle of Dogs, and we'd barricade them both with burnt out cars and then run riot in the yuppie docks and burn them to the ground. Quite an ambitious plan - but remember, this was summer 1988 - this was going to be the only free concert in London that year. There would be thousands making their way to the Island. It would be total mayhem. London would indeed be burning!

Throughout this table banging tirade from me and Ian, Stummer became totally animated. He was like a cadaver that got electrocuted back to life, and wanted to live it all now - all at once. He fuckin loved it!

Obviously, the possibility of his entire career being ruined by a 20 year jail sentence hadn't yet seeped through the lager to his brain. Anyways, what the fuck were consequences when you're talking about the realist, most radical rock tour ever about to be launched. What sort of saps would waste time arguing about something like practicalities in the face of such raucous possibilities.....only the other absent members of Class War, that's who! Before we get to that, the beer soaked afternoon at the Warwick Castle ended with an arranged meeting during the week, and with both parties getting what they wanted; Joe Strummer, the liveliest afternoon drink up he'd had in years with the bonus of a prospective tour that would see him return to his Clash roots. Us, with the possibility of having the biggest drawcard we'd ever had to get people together, to feel their strength in numbers, and to wind 'em up and set 'em out into the streets to riot and take on the forces of Maggie Thatcher's Britain!

The train ride back to the East End was full of wild ideas and outrageous predictions... This was gonna be the long hot summer of '88..!! The biggest immediate problem encountered, wasn't Strummer waking up with a hang over on Sunday morning, realising with a groan what he'd nodded to, and back peddling all the way to Yankee land to avoid any of his lager induced commitments; quite the opposite. The other members of Class War reacted something akin to being asked for a lend of a fiver. I've to this day, never heard so many "not possibles..." in my fuckin' life! Whilst some of their objections to the over-the-top plans of the two maniacs both talking at once, with their arms waving around wildly, were justified, and had to be 'streamlined', such as that little gem of how we'd finance the whole thing (that was shot down by us referring to the sceptic as a "pedantic twat..") it must be stated that a lot of London Class War failed to see the potential of such a tour of organised chaos. The Bristol lot loved it, as did the rest of the groups round the country.

We weren't gonna lose this debate, so we called 'em a bunch of short sighted political neanderthals, and ordered more lager....and somehow pushed the ideathrough. In reality, we couldn't have proceeded an inch without their support, and having everyone behind the idea was great. All of a sudden we were caught up in a tidal wave of energy and excitement.

CLASS WAR



"ROCK AGAINST
THE RICH!"



CLASS WAR

No 29



ROCK AGAINST THE RICH TOUR 88



The next meeting with Strummer was like a re-run of the first, except this time word had filtered out amongst the Warwick Castle 'faces', and now all sorts of urchins with and without talent attempted to board ship-most were made to walk the fuckin' plank though, but we did obtain the services of an M.C for the tour: Ray Moses, who at this point in his career, existed solely on alcoholic donations from Notting Hill's female yuppies, threw himself into the tour with wild abandon. It would be his task to introduce each show whilst dressed up in his best penguin suit. The small problem, of financing his tour was settled quickly, with Joe Strummer offering to help out where necessary, and with an all telling wink,

ROCK AGAINST THE RICH!



assured us there would be no money problems. The contradiction of Strummer being an ex-Public School Boy, with a father who was a diplomat, doing a tour for an organisation that supported, amongst other things, the shooting of the rich, and the absolute hatred of all things middle class, was justified by the following explanation; "he is a means to an ends.. "That was good enuf for us!

It was around this time that the first of many mistakes were made. Some of the members of London Class War began steering the pirate ship 'Rock Against the Rich' into safer waters. The more radical, free concerts were slated, and replaced with yawnsome 'wholemeal' rock venues. Also, it was the original intention to recruit local working class talent for the support slots at each gig, thereby giving the local burning issue of class conflict a bit of extra prominence, and hopefully draw more people into the struggle. It was Ian and my idea to go to each area

beforehand, to suss out the local housing estates, and see what talent lied within. Instead, an ad. was placed in the Class War paper for demo tapes, and the deluge of irrelevant shite followed. The talents of a Hackney Reggae band 'One Style' were recruited by the C.W. 'tour manager', because they happened to be friends of his, for support on the entire tour. They were fine musically, but there was no punch, no passion, no energy in what they did. We would have been much better off getting a Ragga D.J. as they

JOE STRUMMER AND THE LATINO ROCKABILLY WAR

ONE STYLE

JOE STRUMMER AND THE LATINO ROCKABILLY WAR

ONE STYLE

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ONE STYLE

JOE STRUMMER AND THE LATINO ROCKABILLY WAR

ONE STYLE

JOE STRUMMER AND THE LATINO ROCKABILLY WAR

ONE STYLE

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CLASS WAR PRESENTS

ROCK AGAINST THE RICH TOUR 88

JOE STRUMMER AND THE LATINO ROCKABILLY WAR

+ ONE STYLE

+ LOCAL SUPPORT BANDS

FOR MORE INFORMATION CONTACT: 01-581 1231 CLASS WAR PO BOX 107 LONDON E9 7JH

were popular at the time with kids on housing estates, and would of attracted the sort of people we wanted to turn up. These were the people we constantly reported on in Class War, who were fighting the cops, looting shops, and who personified perfectly the underclass culture that thrives on Council Estates that we encouraged. Alternatively, we should have just got the Anarchist punk band 'Conflict' to play, at least they liked a ruck with the cops. Instead, you had an assortment of bands who had one thing in common; they were all toothless tigers vying for talent scout attention. There may have been the odd exception, but I sure-as-fuck don't remember 'em! But it was

the cancellation of the Free concert on the Isle of Dogs, in London's East End, that was the most crushing blow to all of us who had worked hard to forge a relationship with the Mudshute Farm Committee, and in particular Ted Johns. We had secured the date of the event with him/ them, and had promised a donation of 300 quid to Mudshute Farm. This was to be the biggest event Class War had ever organised. We had Joe Strummer, a local reggae band, and the venue - we had even got down to the point of organising 'Port-a-loo's'; we were literally ready to go. Then, Ted Johns rolled over on us and withdrew his support, and Mudshute Farm. It was later revealed, that the London Docklands Development Corporation, the scumbags that were poshing up the docks for the middle classes to safely live in, offered him a lucrative position, which he took. The price of which was the immediate cancellation of the free concert. Another so-called community leader revealing his true motivation... self interest.

In hindsight, we really could have benefited from the involvement of some local promoter at the time to help us organise this event properly. If we had of had contacts like we did a few years later, when local anarchists were successfully organising massive warehouse parties, we could have secured the venue more professionally, and there would have been nothing the likes of Ted Johns could have done about it, except watch the Isle of Dogs go up in flames. It turned out that the summer of '88 was a scorcher. I have no doubt that had that



concert gone ahead there would of been the most destructive force unleashed in the East End, as the kids from the run down estates joined up with thousands of boozed up concert goers to trash the yuppie developments and fight the cops. This was the gig that was to launch the tour. So you could imagine what scene we would have set for the rest of the tour if the first gig resulted in one of the biggest riots London has ever seen. It was gonna be the Anarchy in the U.K. ...for real, tour!

This was the gig that Strummer was looking forward to the most. Little did he suspect that he was only gonna be playing the background music to a class war riot! But he loved the imagination of us lot, and our ability to seize the burning issue and throw petrol on it. Although it looked like we were using him, it worked both ways; he needed something raw injected into his act that would wipe out the jaded, 'rock'n'roll rebel' image he'd snagged for himself at the time. Remember, in the late 80's, rock had zero street credibility - hip hop and sound system bass ruled the streets of the inner cities. The music may have changed, but the politics of the street remained the same; class conflict, with a varying intensity of class warfare, raged the length and breadth of Britain. Strummer recognised this, and saw in the Class War people he met, the passionate intensity that he lacked and needed. He tried to use the media's fixation with Class War to re-launch his career with a radical edge. And to a degree it worked well for him.

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AND THE LATINO-ROCK ABILITY WAR

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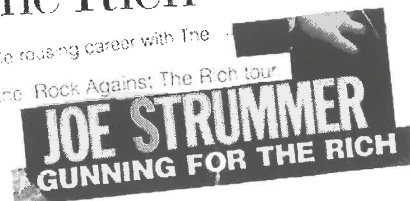
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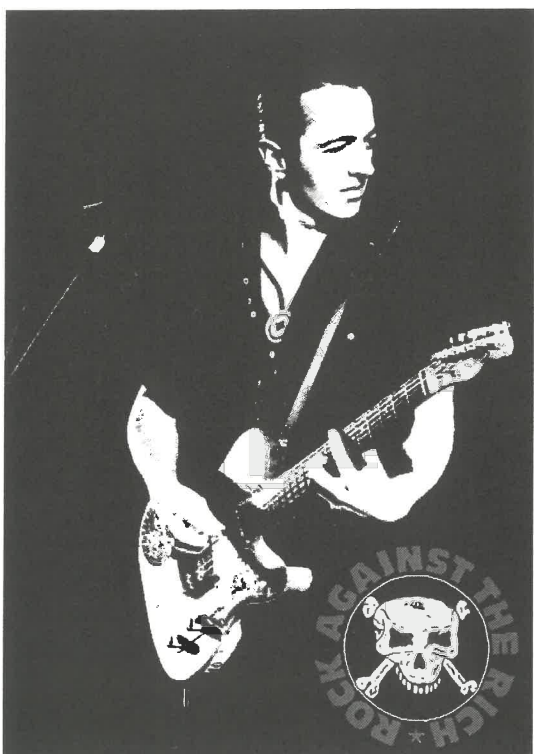


Strummer set to Rock Against the Rich

Not content with a rabble rousing career with The Clash he's now fronting the Rock Against the Rich tour



For two months the tour was grabbed by a stunned media and thrown around at the absolute outrage of a major rock star, doing an entire tour with the likes of Class War! It went to show who really was and wasn't a threat at the time; do a benefit for 'Red or Green Wedge' and you were comfortably hip and acceptable. Do it for Class War and you were an outrage. We were very comfortable with this. As far as we were concerned, the 'left' were every bit as bad as the 'right', politically and culturally.



Anyways, Strummer was devastated at the loss of the launch venue, with its shock potential. He offered his personal assistance, both financially and physically, to fix it with the Mudchute Committee, but the situation was lost. Though the question remains, should we have proceeded anyways? After all, we had hundreds of squatters in our ranks, why not squat the place and put on an impromptu gig, then riot with the cops when they try and shut it down. As with a lot of Class War ideas, then, and in the future, risks were avoided, not taken...we occasionally played it too safe! The launch gig was then transferred to the Brixton Fridge, where a sold out audience paid a few quid to see the immortal Ray Moses introduce the Class War candidate for the Notting Hill

By-election, John Duignan, who unleashed his wit upon them with his "the only good Tory... is a lavatory.." one-liner. He stomped off the stage after screaming "up the workers.." and received a round of applause. The support acts got the people moving, with a combination of reggae and rock, and were all juiced up for Joe Strummer and the Latino Rockabilly War to take it one step further. Would he play some of the old Clash classics, or stick to the new stuff?

He came out looking like a punk Johnny Cash, and he fucking rocked the Brixton Fridge with what everyone wanted to hear—a combination of old and new material. We were happy with the result—we sold loads of Class War papers and t-shirts, and our name was up in lights again. But the raw edge was lost. It was now a rock tour not a riot tour. This should have been the beginning of Class War launching 'Rock Against the Rich' as a permanent musical wing of its political activities. It should have also been the launch of Class War's merchandising on a huge scale as a permanent fund raiser to help people in prison, their families and to pay for loads of propaganda stuff such as spray paint, posters etc. In a similar way that was later done very successfully by 'Blood and Honour'. It was, and continues to be a major failing of the organization; that it has incredible opportunities, but fails to capitalize upon them! We had loads of bands, offering their services, and the designs for some great shirts and posters. But, because we never had a thought out strategy of sorts, we fumbled the ball too often.



Ian stayed back in London, and me, Tim—a C.W. veteran, Matt—the tour manager, and Brixton John—the C.W. roadie, took on the tour. Tim's job was lugging the gear and selling merch, and mine was to stir up the crowd with a rabble rousing speech just before Strummer came on, and to visit as many housing estates as possible before the gigs, and get people to come along and hand out propaganda to them. Looking back on it now, what a fucking break for a young bloke like myself to be doing something like this with the likes of Joe Strummer;—people would have killed to be doing it! But, at the time, he was nowhere near as important as Class War, and what I reckoned we were doing. I loved the Clash, but without the action on the streets, it wasn't enough...the words to the songs made you want to brick a cop



brick at a cop car, steal stuff from shops, roam around the estates all day and night putting up graffiti and stickers. The music was petrol for the fire.

What follows here isn't a 'gig by gig' summation of the tour, it's written just how I remember it,warts an' all!

We had a tour bus that Strummer paid for that was fucking huge. We were all drinking and enjoying ourselves. Me and Ray Moses ended up drinking way too much. It wasn't long before the both of us were pissed everyday before 11 am, which meant we were out of control most of the time. By the time Strummer came on at night we were fucking steaming. Unfortunately, I had to share a hotel room occasionally with Ray, and I say, unfortunately, because it was during one of these enchanted evenings that Ray demonstrated his talent as a sleep walker, who would get up and roam around and piss anywhere.

Consequently, I slept with an eye open when sharing a room with Mr. Moses! I met some great people at all the places we went. People who were operating in run-down communities and doing their best to get things happening. Blokes like Jimmi Walker, in Croxteth Liverpool, who

Strummer and his band, the Latino Rockabilly War, will headline a tour dubbed Rock Against the Rich, sponsored by an organization of the same name.

"They're sort of an anarchist squatter organization," says Strummer. "Every gig goes to some needy local fund. For example, in one town some people were caught stealing coal off trains during the winter. The proceeds from this would go to their defense fund."



was battling smack dealers on streets that weren't paved with gold. The lads from Scotswood, Newcastle

who were at war with the cops. I'd get these people backstage to meet Strummer; even though some of these blokes straight off the estates didn't have a clue who Joe Strummer was, they

got into the spirit of things by drinking all the bands beer backstage and hanging out with the rockers for a while. Strummer dug meeting these sort of people, and he spoke to me a few times about "this is what rock'n'roll is all about". He was sick of being surrounded by sycophantic wankers that were nothing more than rock'n'roll trainspotters. To him this was real. A shame a few

of the people in Class War didn't share his affinity with members of the under-class. And the others in his band for that matter- What a sorry collection of wankers and would-be- superstars he'd assembled there!...His band contained a South American bloke who didn't speak a word of English but who was at least not a tosser. An ex- member of American Hardcore Band 'Circle Jerks', who went by the stage name; Zander Sloss. Who, for some unknown reason, thought he was gods gift to women, and a drummer by the name of 'Big Willie', who was a clueless twat with absolutely zero street knowledge and who was completely out of place on a tour like this- he'd of been better off as a hairstylist for Bon Jovi, on one of his tours.



Strummer set to Rock Against the Rich

BY SHEILA ROGERS

FOR THE LAST OF HIS FIRST Joe Strummer is back in the spotlight with a new UK tour and two recent album releases.

Strummer and his band, the Latino Rockabilly War, will headline a tour dubbed Rock Against the Rich, sponsored by an organization of the same name. "They're sort of an anarchist squatter organization," says Strummer. "Every gig goes to some needy local fund. For example, in one town some people were caught stealing coal off trains during the winter. The proceeds from this would go to their defense fund."

Strummer can also be heard on the Story of the Class Wars, an anthology of their band's work from 1977 to 1982, and the soundtrack to the film Promised Land, which he cowrote. The tour is scheduled to open on July 23rd. Strummer's band features guitar Zander Sloss (formerly of the Circle Jerks) and Tim Commerford.

over. Bass player Jim Demica and drummer Willie Morley "who used to be in the Misfits," Strummer says, "they're playing some songs off the Promised Land album, as well as a few Chris songs, but not too much of his



We're doing 'The Promised Land' as a tribute to the 1930s, he says. Strummer says on the tour, which will continue through mid-August, he'll also be playing some songs off the Latino Rockabilly War and World's Greatest Lover albums. He'll also be doing a few songs to bring the show to the States. ■

didn't have the same level of influence in football crews as the Extreme Right Wing groups, it's anti-police stance and pro-working class violence rhetoric was well known in hooligan circles. We would of had even more effect, if we had of stuck to working class street issues, rather than submerging ourselves in middle class left wing shit. Strummer was pissed off Jimmy Boyle couldn't make it, as he wanted to meet him.

Although he didn't have what I would call working class street politics, he showed a lot of interest in what I was getting up to before the gigs, who I had met, and what was happening on the streets at each gig, which was a fuck of a lot more than the rest of his band. I found him to be a pretty reserved character, who let his music do most of the talking for him. An interesting incite into Joe Strummer was, that he insisted on maintaining a kind of 'James Dean' persona, as a kind of mask. He always insisted on getting the rounds in, and could drink like a fish.

Another stop on the Rock Against the Rich tour, was at Merthyr Tydfil, in Wales. After my performance there I was sent express post back to London, with a 'do not return stamp' on the back of my head.

This was my favourite gig of the entire tour. Merthyr was like a town stuck in time. Everyone there still wore drainpipe jeans, and the place was awash with skinheads. The tour bus landed there at

about 11am, and me and Ray just dived straight into the nearest boozer, and began knocking 'em back like there was no tomorrow. No walking around the estates, no meeting local working class personalities, nothing; just booze. It turned out I didn't have to do anything like that this time anyways; the pub was full of what I was looking for. It must of been giro day or something, cos everyone was already pissed, and they were all going to the gig. This is the pub Strummer should have definitely have come to

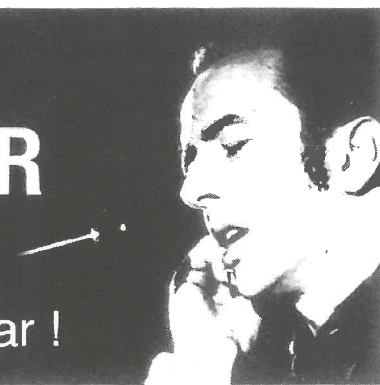
with us for a drink. Mind you he would of been in some state for the main event. The main bar was circular in shape, with a juke box blarring from the corner. And, no bullshit, every song on the juke box was from 1977 to 1981. The Ruts, S.L.F, Blitz, Pistols, Clash, 4-Skins etc. And the joint was crammed with nutters. Pissed nutters! Ray and I went to thinking that we must of been in a tardis or something, cos it was like we had gone back in time! It was fucking great! We were both rolling drunk by 3pm, with Ray using his M.C. status as a chat up line on anything in a skirt...to zero effect!

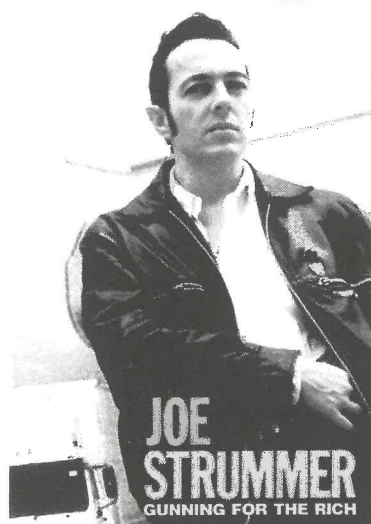
I was busy giving it the table - banging class war speech to a load of skins. They'd never heard of us lot before, but said it sounded great to them, and insisted that we start a riot after the gig. "Lets fuckin' do it," was my reply! What happened next sealed my fate on R.A.R. At about 6pm Ray and I charged into the gig during sound check. We were both skint by this stage, so we headed backstage for the bands beer. This was immediately found and confiscated by us. We took the lot, and hid it for ourselves for the coming night. With lager in hand we stormed back to the bar to continue our fully sponsored drink-a-thon. Some time in the next half hour the wheels fell off my trolley!

I vaguely remember making a B-line for the bog, getting as far as the mixing desk, and boffing up a gallon or so of Merthyr's finest beverage plus a few odds and sods, straight over the mixing desk.

PRIZE FIGHTER

Joe to fight
the Class War !





Fucking bullseye! If you've ever had a complete gut-luggage emptying spew, you'll know, that it either revives you, or retires you. The latter worked for me on this occasion. I got thrown out of the venue, but as soon as I snapped back into gear, I knew I had to get my hands on that stash of grog. I blagged my way in the joint, and retrieved the beer. I then headed back to the boozier, and announced to all that I was gonna get everyone without a ticket into the gig. The cans of lager were handed out and a mob of us charged down to the venue. I remember

turning around at one point to see who was there, and nearly fell over when I saw the size of the mob behind me. There was some Class War people from Bristol on the door, and I remember Alan Pullen screaming a tirade that "Darren's just bought 100 nazi's in on the guest list"! Alan was one of those paranoid souls who constantly thought that the 2 B.N.P skins in his town were after him. Squeaky Matt, the C.W. tour manager, hunted me down and told me that everyone was getting turned out, because we needed every penny on the door to cover costs. Matt was then told to 'Fuck-Off', very neatly, to which he replied that I was off the tour- like he owned it or something. Although I was making a bit of a menace of myself, he forgot the whole point of what we were doing here. It was to make contact with people such as the ones I got into the gig. Here were the raw working class warriors, and all blokes such as Matt had to say to them was that they couldn't come in because they didn't have tickets, or in the case of the Alan Pullen types, that they couldn't stay cos they looked like they were in the B.N.P. There was about to be a serious ruck at this point and it was only the weight of numbers that allowed us lot to stay. Needless to say, none of the mob I'd bought along rated Class War much after this little stand off.

"We used to just turn up, set the gear up, plug in and play! That's the way I'm going to play on this tour; I'm leaving it up to the players. If it sounds crap, it'll be because we're playing crap."

The tour Joe's talking about is a 'Rock Against the Rich' benefit jaunt for Class War, the anarchist group who delight in 'bashing the rich', taking direct action (vandalism to us) against the inner city yuppie invasion, protesting against royalty and so forth. Their Class War magazine is the only genuinely amusing political paper around.

Strummer got involved when a benefit was proposed for evicted squatters in the Hackney area of East London. The gig fell through, but the tour was on. What attracted him to the idea?

"It was something to do with being a bit more fun than a regular tour. It's difficult to feel excited or attracted by today's pop marketing business; there's not really any way you can keep your self-respect."

"I'd largely given up thinking about trying to start a brave new pop career because I couldn't think of any way to present it. I knew I wanted to do something not too uptight. After playing with The Pogues (Strummer made some cameo appearances on their last tour) I got the feeling for live work again but nothing seemed exciting until we began to talk of this tour. So I just thought, what the hell!"

It seems as though you're trying to recapture that feeling of raw, unprocessed energy that you had with The Clash.

"Not really, because all that stuff's so long ago, it's like two generations ago. I've even forgotten about that stuff."

Isn't it somewhat hypocritical for someone who must have accumulated at least a little wealth over the years to be 'rocking against the rich'?

"It's not how wealthy I am or not, it's just that they need some celebrity or semi-celebrity to fill the house - so they've got me."

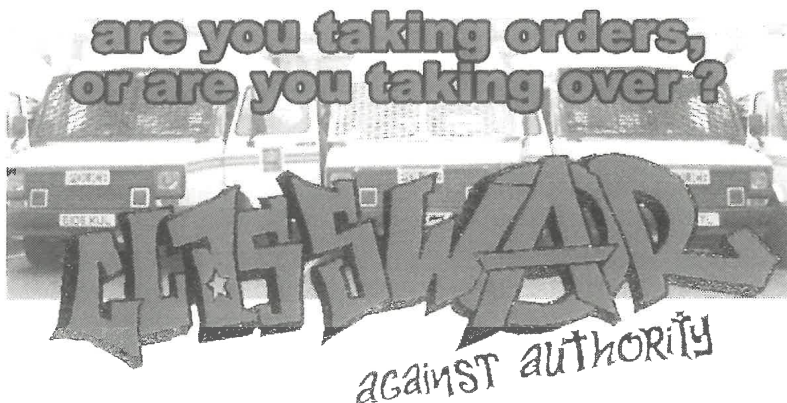
"At the bottom of it my vested interests are man's humanity to man; central to that is that you can't really have an unjust system, it doesn't work. So if you're a guitar player in a society like that you've got to think about it or ignore it. If you think about it, sooner or later you've got to do something about it or ignore it, and the best way to do that if you're a guitar player is to play your guitar."

And what kind of reaction do you expect from your new release?

"Just a kind of muted indifference." Joe Strummer laughs quietly.

"Yes... not even passionate indifference!" ■

Of course , Matt and Alan weren't the 'be all and end all' of Class War, thank god! Even Strummer had had enough, after Matt relayed what had happened to him. I think Joe was more upset about the wax and polish I gave the mixing desk than anything else. The remainder of that night was a blur, except that Strummer put in a stella performance, and the gig was absolutely packed. I was issued with a warning that I'd be shunted back to London the next day. So I gave the half dozen C.W members present something to chew their finger-nails about instead, by telling them that their pathetic corruption of the original



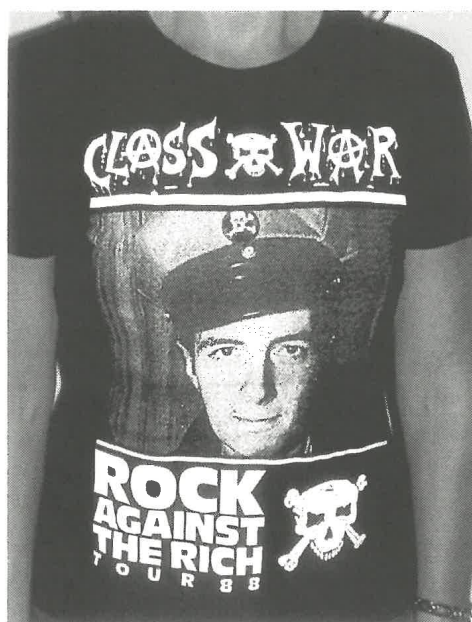
intentions of the tour would be sorted out as soon as they got back to London, and that they would be held accountable. At this point I had conveniently forgotten my own 'out of order' behaviour, and it showed, in the look of total disbelief on the faces of those I was threateneing!

So there you have it. The Rock Against the Rich Tour, 1988. Balls and all. It may not have been how we originally intended it, but it was moderately successful in some ways. And it was a lot of fun. But I look

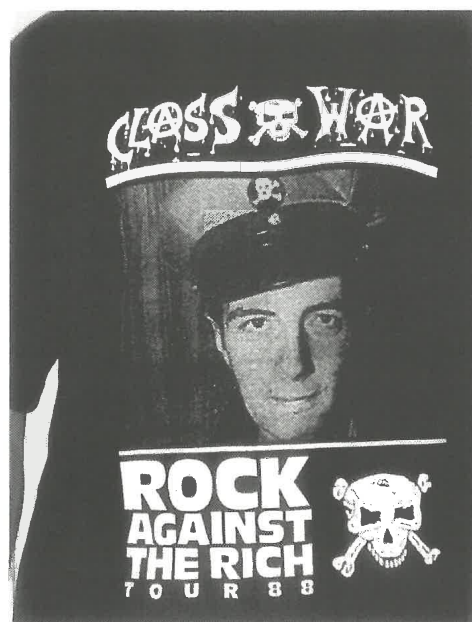
back in anger at it, as we had such great ideas for it, and it still gets my blood boiling the way it was turned from potentially dangerous to pleasantly adventurous by people who used it as their ticket into the music industry. And such are the best of working class ideas, watered down for safe consumption for the middle classes. However, the original idea and plan of Rock Against the Rich, remains as relevant and as dangerous today as it was then.

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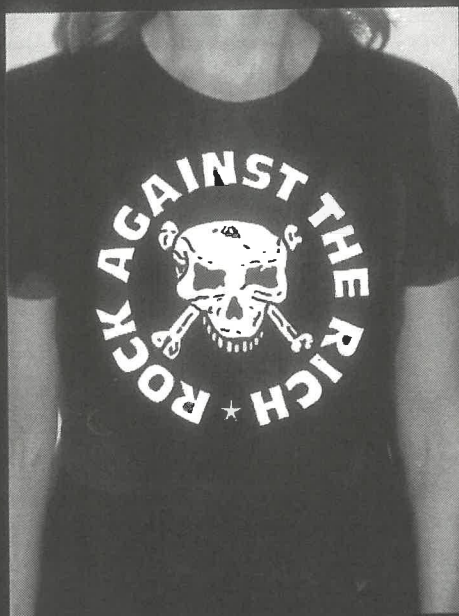
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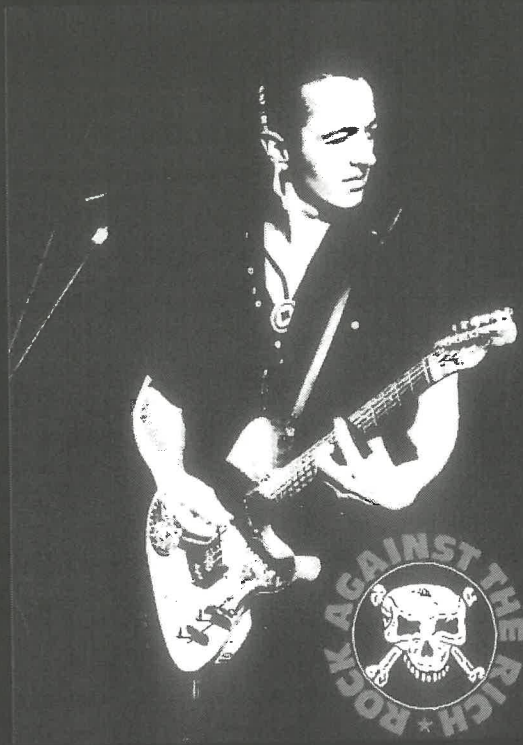
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Joe Strummer R.I.P.



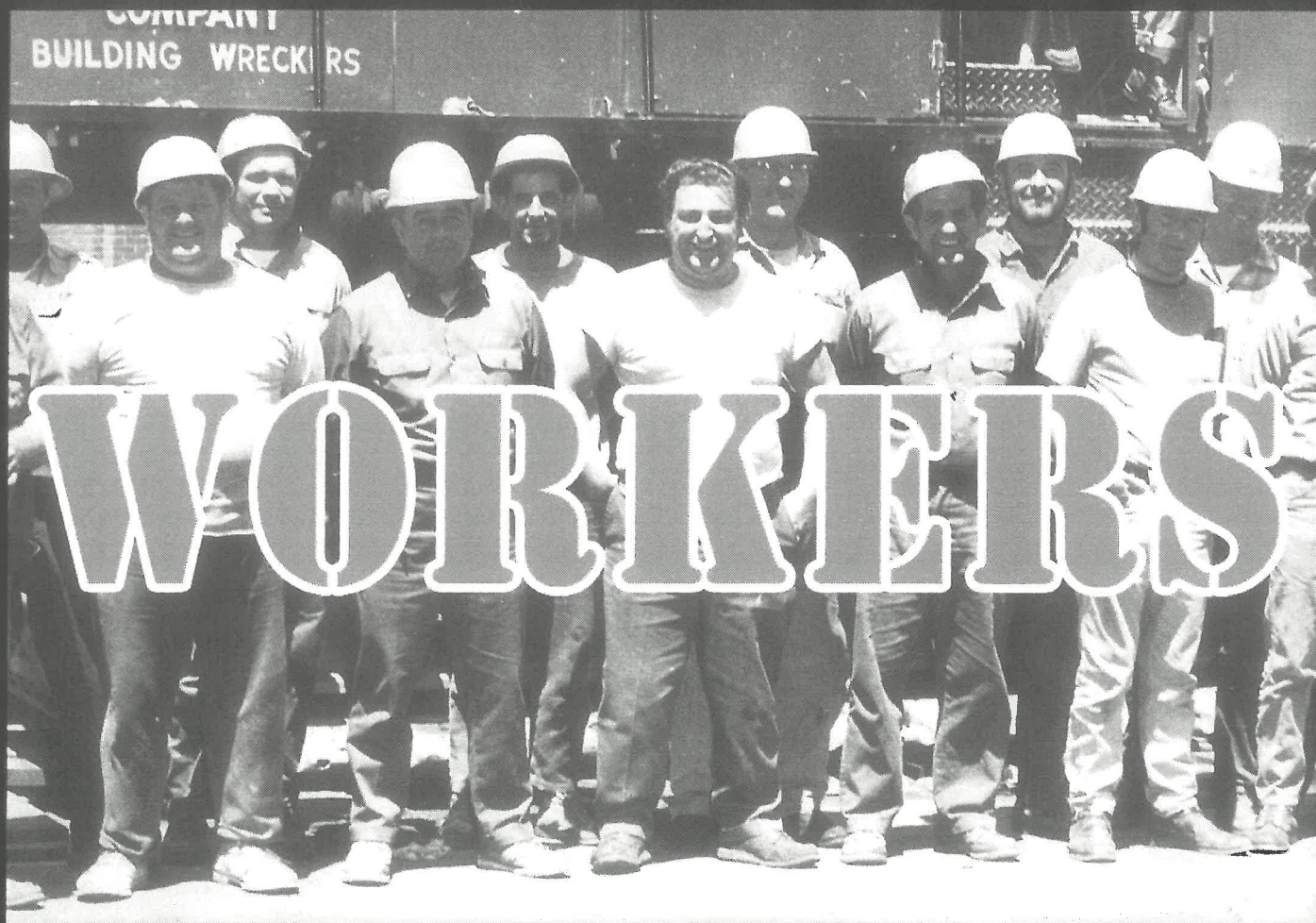
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Rebellion Lives On !

... start a Riot of Your Own

UNITED WE STAND



IF THE WORKERS WERE TO RISE IN THEIR AWESOME STRENGTH, NOT TO MAKE PETITIONS, PLEAS OR PATHETIC DEMANDS FROM THEIR BOSSES-FOR THIS IS BUT LIKE RE-ARRANGING THE DECK CHAIRS ON THE TITANIC, BUT TO TAKE OVER THE WORKPLACE AND RUN IT AS THEIR OWN, THEMSELVES-IT WOULD BE THE END OF SHARE HOLDERS AND THE OTHER PARASITES WHO CONTRIBUTE NOTHING TO ALL THAT IS THE TEAM EFFORT AT WORK. IT WOULD MEAN THE SHARED OWNERSHIP OF ALL THAT IS PRODUCED AND THE EQUAL SHARED EFFORT OF ALL THAT IS NEEDED TO BE DONE. WE WOULD WORK AS ONE FOR EQUAL BENEFIT. THIS WILL NEVER BE HANDED TO US...WE WILL HAVE TO FIGHT FOR IT. TAKE IT. THE STRUGGLE TO GET UP FROM OUR KNEES AND FIGHT, IS THE CLASS STRUGGLE. IT IS ANY EFFORT, ANY BLOW STRUCK, IN THIS STRUGGLE THAT WE WANT TO INCITE AND PUBLISIZE AND ENCOURAGE. YOU ARE THIS STRUGGLE. YOU HAVE EVERYTHING TO GAIN BY RISING UP AND TAKING WHAT IS YOURS. YOU WILL FEEL YOUR STRENGTH AS YOU STRUGGLE, AND FIGHT; BY INCH OR BY MILE-THROUGH VICTORY AND LOSS. THIS STRUGGLE IS THE LIFEBLOOD OF OUR MOVEMENT. AND THIS STRUGGLE IS THE CLASS WAR.

DIVIDED WE FALL

CLASS WAR



How long do you think society could function if the working class withdrew from the work force? **NOT ONE DAY!** Yet they are treated as second class citizens and left to bear the brunt of every price hike the fat cats throw at them. They rarely complain - putting their heads down and getting the sweat rollin', they get on with it.

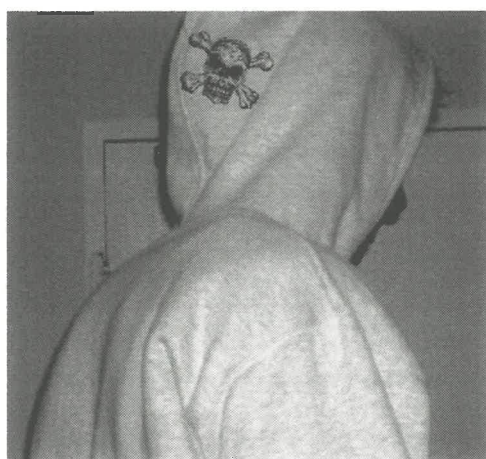
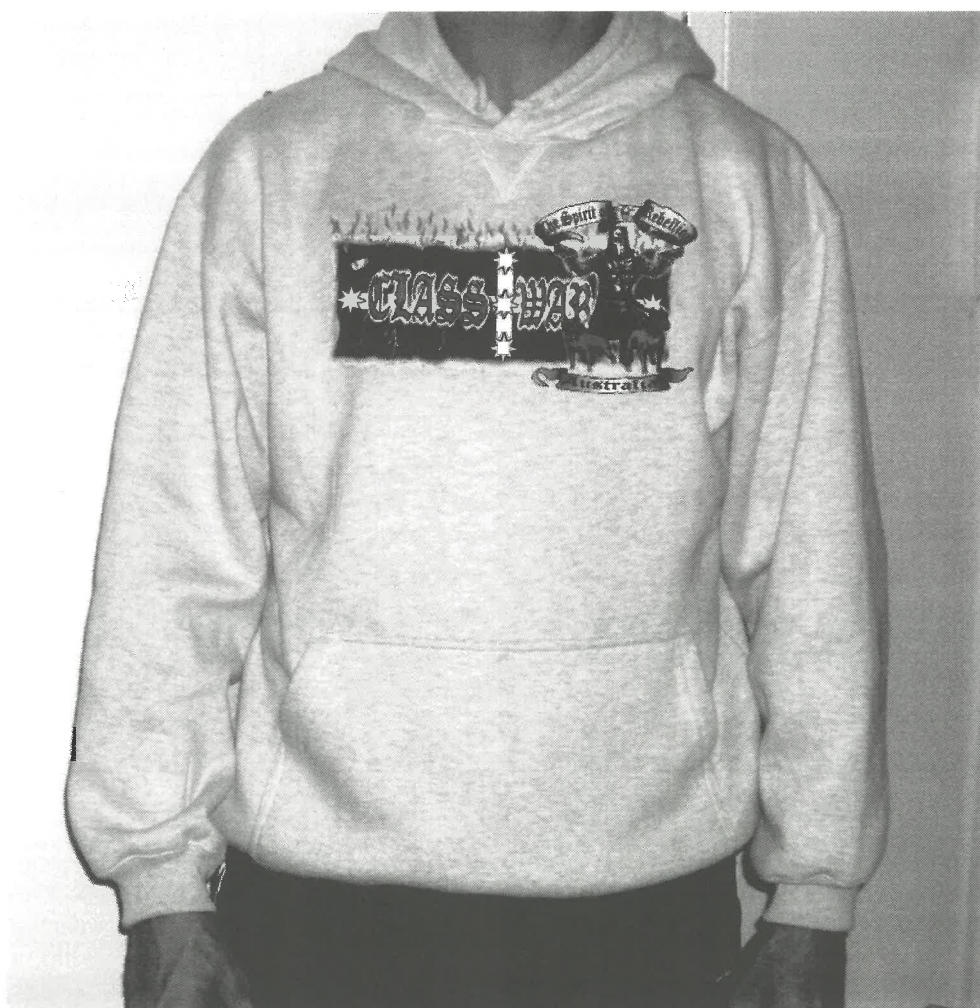
The music here is by and about the working class in all its untamed wildness and celebrates its great strength and spirit.

If this all seems a bit alien to you, perhaps even an exaggeration - then you have obviously been counting money your whole life and spent too much time on your yacht in the harbour and not enough in the real world! To you we issue the following warning:

One day the working class will put up with your kind no more and the sleeping giant will awake and squash you like the insignificant piss ants you are! Lets hope that wait isn't a long one.

STREET ISSUE 'AUSSIE' CLASS WAR

HOODED TOP & T-SHIRT



This light grey hooded top and t-shirt is available with the "Ned Kelly" full colour print across the chest. To give it your own bit of flavour, you can have a 'pocket sized' print of these selections, put where you want on the top. For example, you may want an uzi machine gun on your hood, or a skull on your sleeve-the choice is yours ... Available in light grey only, sizes small to XXXL for men sizes 8 to 16 for women

Pocket sized prints

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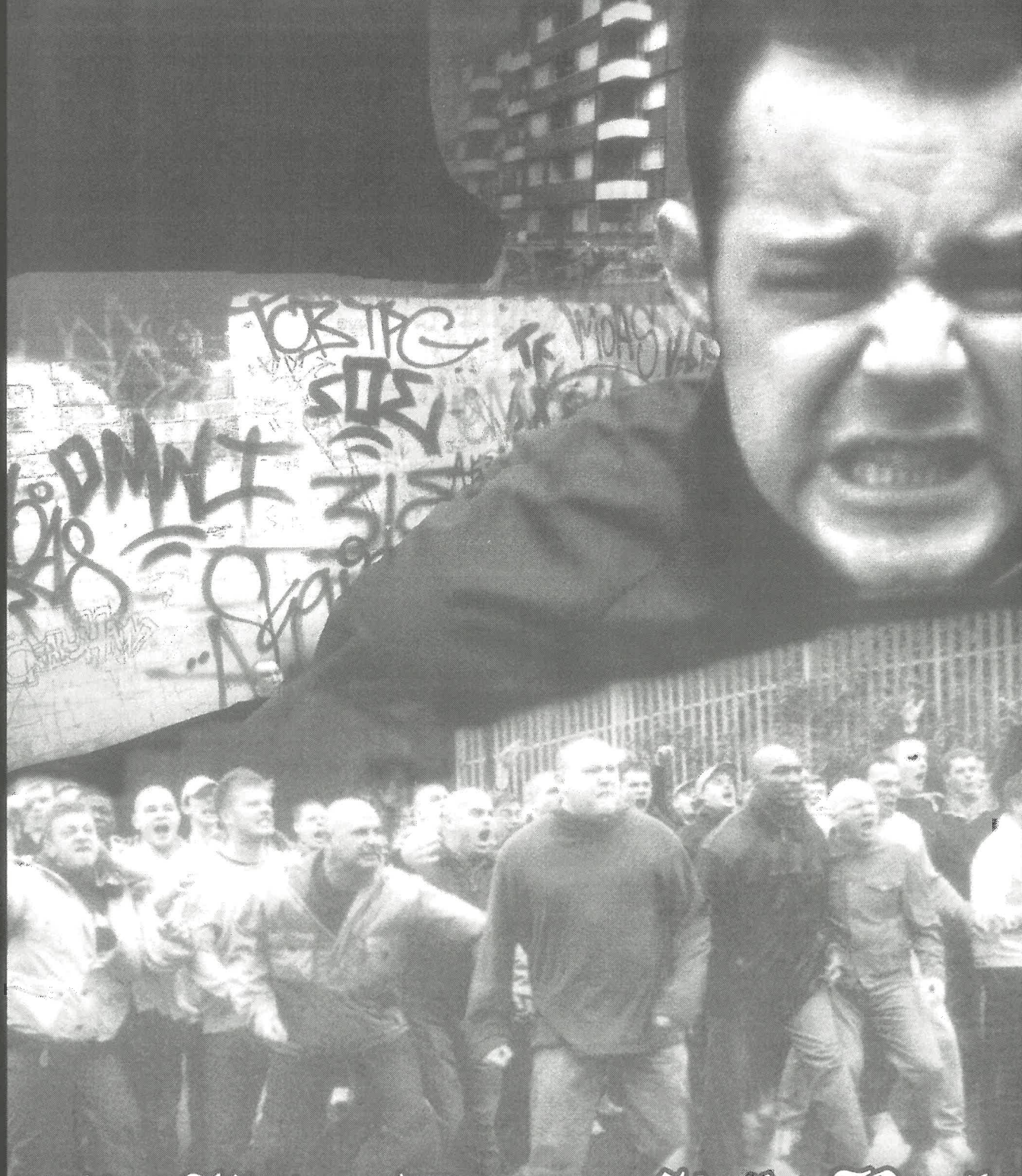
12



Class Justice



CLASS JUSTICE



The Underdogs Fight Back